Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
JANUARY 1990

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EDITION

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Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 1/January 1990 Black Label Edition

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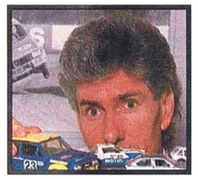
PETER McKAY

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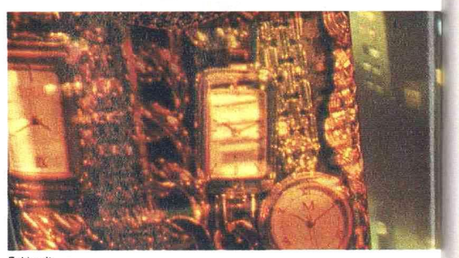
Faking It

Pet of the Month

Condition Red

Death And The Six O' Clock News

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HOUSECALL

FAKING IT
Counterfeiters used to be an eccentric breed of likeable rogues. Nowadays they're vultures who prey on the world-wide obsession with "designer" labels in a multi-billion dollar industry which in some cases has disastrous consequences for the conned customers. **Walter Glaser** details the major targets of the fakers in a comprehensive story that will keep you one jump ahead. The artwork by **Studio Door 34** is on page 34.

OUT OF THE BLUE
No actor has ever made a successful transition from hard-core porn to Hollywood. Ginger Lynn Allen, star of 69 adult films, ambitious, determined and stunningly attractive, is the latest in a short list who've tried to come in through the back door. **John Baxter** tracked her down in the Hollywood hills and got an exclusive interview which focusses on the central mystery of pornography: who on Earth wants to be seen fucking on film? Ginger's response will surprise you. The photography was contributed by **Stephen Hicks**. Turn to page 54.

THE MATING GAME
If what you get is what you see in Rugby League, the same doesn't go for what you drive. Those of us who don't get around in six-figure techmobiles live in a world of model-sharing and cloning — "badge engineering" by another name. It's all part of John Button's plan to make Australian cars better and cheaper — but has it worked? Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** pops the question and provides the answers on page 50.

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
Do not adjust your set. You are about to enter a world where things are not quite as they seem — a world where sights and sounds become strangely distorted and idiotically interpreted by ignorant farmers, neurotic housewives and drug addled nutters. Humorist **Stephen Piggot** boldly takes a journey to the tabloid twilight zone. **Scott Kennedy** contributed the artwork. Turn to page 60.

CONDITION RED
Jumping out of an aeroplane is scary as hell under any circumstances; but doing it paratrooper-style leads to one heart-stopping drama after another. For the Red Berets of Australia's elite Parachute Battalion it's an exacting role requiring nerves of steel and a tight sphincter. **Tony Healy** supplied the story, beginning on page 74, with photos by **Robin Hodgkinson.**

DEATH AND THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS
Yasmin Khadouri was beautiful, a junkie, and doomed. It took her death for a hard-nosed talking head to find his heart, so maybe her life wasn't a total waste. **Nick Patrick's** sensitive fiction piece set in the seamy underbelly of Sydney society begins on page 90 with an illustration by **Kerrie Leishman**.

PENTHOUSE GOLDEN GEAR KNOBS
The envelope, please. Once again our Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** dishes out the awards we'd like to see, targeting without fear or favor the turkeys of the track and the furphies of the factory in 1989. Turn to page 102.

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Joining the debate

Congratulations on ten first-rate years, *Penthouse*. I'm writing to join the debate that has been aired on your Feedback page in previous issues. That is, whether male/female pictorials should feature in your Black Label edition. I believe that this subscriber edition would benefit from more pictorials featuring men and women in intimate contact — if those pictorials were sensitively and tastefully photographed. The pictorial entitled "Breakfast In Bed" in your October '89 isssue was a good example of such treatment, and I'm sure it did not go unappreciated.

Over the years, *Australian Penthouse* Black Label has consistently demonstrated how fine the human form can look when well photographed. I am sure that if men and women were regularly featured together, this magazine would be in no danger of becoming ithyphallic. — *R.G. Marshall, Bayswater, Vic*

It is our sincerest intention never to become ithyphallic. What a mouthful. — Ed

Old friends

Big raps on your tenth birthday issue! I was especially impressed by your retrospective of the newsmaking pictorials you've published over the decade and the use of all your previous covers in the story. I've got them all in my collection, but it was most interesting to see them side by side like that. Sort of like looking up old friends. On that note, let me just say, *Penthouse*, keep 'em coming — in every sense of the word! — *L.B., Roseville, NSW*

A stroke of genius

Your choice of the glorious Kristina Dwyer as your anniversary cover girl and centrefold was nothing less than a stroke of genius. Since this knockout blonde first appeared in your mag in 1986 she has been the benchmark by which I have judged all your subsequent Pets. I couldn't believe it when I saw your October cover! And you know, a couple of years down the track she's more gorgeous than ever. Congratulations on your magazine and your taste. — *R. Petersen, Launceston, Tas*

Dynamite

Your centrefold of the luscious Kristina Dwyer (October *Penthouse*) really capped

Kristina Dwyer . . . birthday girl

off a superb 10th birthday issue. I read the other day that Kristina will be riding in a special charity bicycle race across the Simpson Desert. I'm not actually a kinky sort of guy, but I'd give my left nut to be the proud owner of her bicycle seat. How about putting it up for auction after the race? — *P.J. Smythe, Caringbah, NSW*

We thought of that, but couldn't find a charity that would accept the proceeds. — Ed

Messed-up men

The article entitled "The Forgotten Victims" in October *Penthouse* brought into stark relief the fact that men who've been sexually assaulted have been left to suffer in silence for far too long. More than that, though, the self-serving and blatantly false claim being made by these depraved pedophile groups — that their victims wanted and encouraged the sexual activity — was shown in its proper light: a defense mechanism of the perverted mind. Obviously these scum have a deep-seated need to believe that what they're doing is somehow all right; otherwise they would find it impossible to live with themselves. The experience of clinical psychologists like your writer, Dr Sandra Pertot, makes it abundantly clear that it is not all right, it will never be all right, it *can* never be all right. For the sake of our children and their children, let's never forget that for a moment. — *James Richardson, Wollongong, NSW*

Short & Curlies

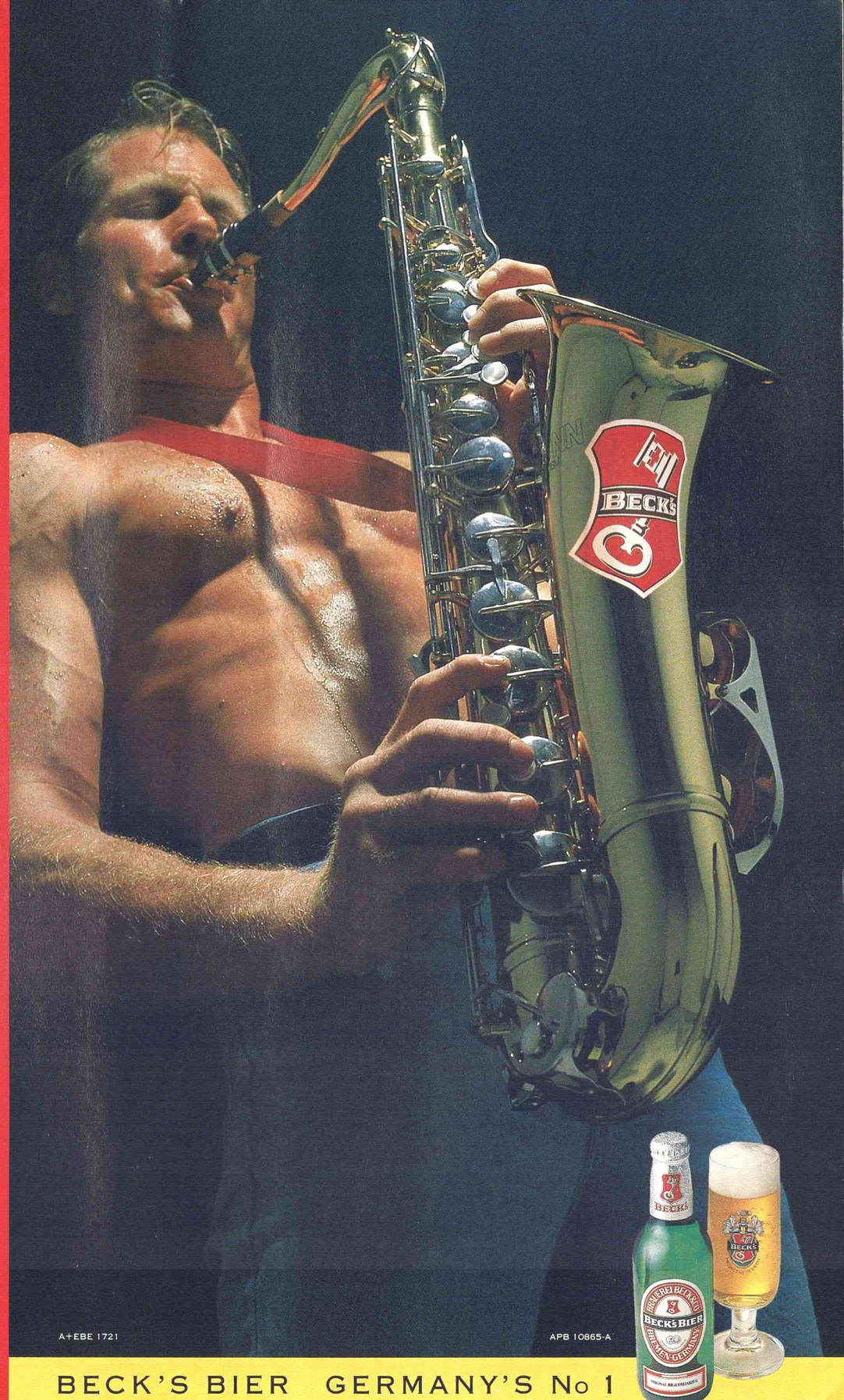
I've been following with interest your series of advisory articles on Modern Male Dilemmas by Dr Bob Montgomery. Having been an avid reader of men's magazines for around a decade, it occurs to me that this series represents a radical departure because it acknowledges, finally, that men *actually do have problems*. The traditional men's magazine approach has been to pretend that no such problems exist — that's all women's stuff. Of course that's a lot of rot, but isn't it amazing how long the myth survived? Congratulations, *Penthouse*, for leading men's mags out of the dark ages. — *J.P. Donaldson, Adelaide, SA*

Taking sides

Your October '89 issue featured a supposedly nude pictorial of James Bond girl Lucinda Dunn, and the accompanying story raved on about how you flew her half way across the world to be photographed by some wanker in Paris. What a whole lot of fuss over nothing. The shots could have been taken in Redfern for all they showed of Europe, and as far as revealing Lucinda's dubious charms — well, I've seen more nudity in a bra ad. Were you Dunn over or what? — *Disgruntled, Perth*

Your pictorial of the bountiful Lucinda Dunn in October *Penthouse* was one of that issue's greatest assets. There was an appealing coyness and innocence about this model that I found most attractive. She also seemed tangible, if you know what I mean — not just some brash blonde from the fast lane, but a sweet girl-next-door type. It takes all kinds to make the world, and it takes all kinds of beautiful models to make a good issue of *Penthouse*. Lucinda was my kind of girl. — *Rhys Johnstone, Adelaide, SA*

Tastefully Independent



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Friendly advice

My friend Wendy and I have been friends all our lives. Our friendship has never involved sex, just warm feelings for each other. There was a time when we were both 18 that we experimented. I showed her mine and she showed me hers in a sort of mutual masturbation test, but that was an isolated event. I look at her now and have to admit that she's become a really hot-looking woman. Her tits in a bikini look firm enough to crack an egg on.

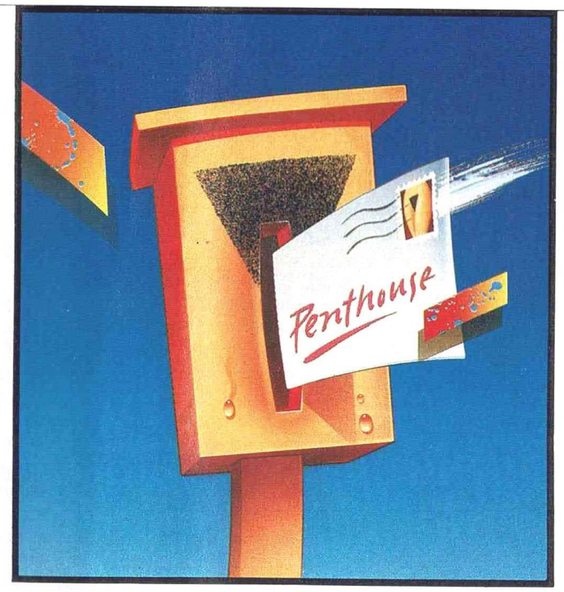
I've fantasised about her off and on ever since that high school encounter. When I'm jerking off, I picture myself penetrating her tight, hot orifice or coming on her hard nipples. I enjoy these fantasies, but I know that they are nothing more than that. Despite her hot body, she is still somewhat of an innocent and I don't know how to approach her.

I've noticed that she goes out with guys, but never seriously. I watch for her car at night, and she's always home before I go to bed. A week ago she came home crying. Her brother Ted, also a close friend, told me that some guy she was pretty hooked on wasn't going to her office Christmas party with her. The next time I saw Wendy I offered her some friendly consolation, but she said she didn't want to bother me with her trivial problems.

I was stepping out of the shower one day, just towelling myself dry, when there was a knock on the door. Wendy asked me if I was going to be long. I told her to wait just a minute. Of course I was fantasising about her. As I wrapped a towel around my waist, she marched right in. I was so surprised that I just looked at her and couldn't speak. Her eyes roamed down to the bulge of my cock and balls under the towel. She asked if we could talk.

I suggested that I put some clothes on first, but she insisted on talking immediately. She followed me to my room and said that I should sit down. She had a favor to ask.

"I want you to teach me something. It's really important." She was starting to act very strangely and my curiosity was sparked. She hesitated a little, then came right out with it.



"I want you to tell me how to give a blowjob."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I wanted to laugh, but she seemed so serious. I cleared my throat.

"Are you sure you're going to the right person with this? I mean, you really should ask the guy in question. I mean, if there is someone whom you intend to use these techniques on, you should ask him. Don't be embarrassed. I don't think any guy will hold it against you for being a little unpracticed. No-one is looking for a pro, you know." I was feeling pretty strange.

"I trust your opinion," she said. "I want you to tell me what to do."

I started at the beginning and tried not to think too much about what I was saying. I had all I could do to control my hard-on as it was. I told her that the word "blowjob" wasn't exactly a good way to describe it since you don't actually blow on it. She stopped me.

"It might be better if you show me," she said. "I really want to know how to do it."

She was serious. I had never heard her say anything like this before. My dick was ready to flip up out of my towel. She asked me to take the towel off, but I hesitated. I told her that I would feel silly sitting there with no clothes on while she was fully dressed. She gave me a little smile then lifted her shirt over her shoulders and head. My dick twitched as I caught the outline of her succulent nipples through her bra.

She removed her bra and her breasts stood firm and proud. She looked down at the rise of my cock, but I didn't make a move. She got the message and pulled her zipper down, then shimmied out of her tight jeans. She had on lacy white panties which she had worn when we were 18. I could see the dark pubic hairs tangled beneath the thin material. She was blushing. My cock was sticking straight out under the towel.

She looked so sexy that I hurriedly removed my towel. My erect cock sprang out and I heard her catch her breath. She didn't take her eyes off it as she slid out of her panties. Her bush was full, the way I like it, and I was ready to drop to my knees, but I didn't want to scare her off. I leaned back on the bed and she leaned over me.

"Okay," she said, "you watch me and tell me what I'm doing wrong."

She slid her face down to my crotch and gingerly kissed my balls. She ran her wet lips over the length of my shaft, then slipped her luscious mouth around the head. As her tongue slipped down over the tip of my head, a surge of pleasure shot through me. She began to suck then, moving her head slowly back and forth. That's when I felt it, the hot spell of pleasure as her mouth worked over me. I held her head to stop the motion, but she kept sucking.

I told her to stop — something I never thought I'd hear myself saying in a situation like this, but she wanted me to tell her what was wrong.

She stared up at me with her eyes wide open, my cock still in her mouth. She looked hurt, so I explained tactfully.

"Everything you're doing feels great. I wouldn't complain, but if you want to get it down perfect, round your mouth more so that your lips move back and forth

over the head. It isn't how much you take in that's important. You need to use your mouth more." I felt like a real idiot, but I knew that I wouldn't be able to stop again.

She took my cock in her mouth, this time cupping her lips firmly around the head before she started her sweet sucking. Soon she was sucking faster and taking more of me into her mouth. I could feel my balls churning, aching to spew their load of hot white juice. She sucked faster. My pelvis bucked, but she stayed with me, sucking for the come that was boiling up inside me until I couldn't hold back any longer and she knew it.

My cock erupted in her mouth and she gulped down the thick blobs of sperm, swallowing my whole load. A drop of semen glistened in the corner of her mouth, but she quickly licked it. She tongued my head clean and looked up expectantly, waiting for me to say something. I couldn't talk just yet.

"Was it good?" she asked.

I sat up and brought her face to mine and kissed her, tasting my come on her tongue.

"It wasn't just good," I told her. "It was great."

We lay together and she said that she was glad about what had happened. She said that she had fantasised about me ever since that night in the back seat of my father's car. I confessed that I often had imagined her watching me when I jerked off.

"Can I watch you? I would love that."

We waited a while for my dick to get hard again, helped not a little by her mouth and hands. She really wanted to watch me masturbate. She leaned up and watched as I took my cock in my hand and pumped slowly, lubricating the head with my precome and some saliva. I pumped faster, twirling my hand around the wet head.

"Pump it," she said. "I want to see you come."

I pumped faster. Even though she was right beside me, I started to fantasise about one of the things I wanted to do to her. I suddenly jerked up, still holding my cock in my hand, and told her to lie back down.

I spread my legs on either side of her and straddled her chest, rubbing my cockhead on her red erect nipples. As a smile of delight crossed her face, I rubbed my dick furiously between her tits! She pushed her tits together and stuck her tongue out to tease the tip of my cock as it came toward her.

I climaxed with a shudder and my come spewed across her throat and over her chin. I slowly twirled my cockhead against her nipples and worked my way up her throat to her cheeks and mouth. She opened her lips and tongued the sperm off the head. We lay back, glowing with pleasure, and luxuriated in the warmth of each other's bodies.

She told me about her date the other night with some guy in her office. He was one of the best-looking guys and all the women wanted him. They had been seeing one another exclusively for the last few weeks and it wasn't long before they were in bed together, but her nervousness and inexperience left him cold. She said she was preparing to right the injustice by sucking him off so well that he would never leave her.

As she fumbled for the words to describe the blowjob she was going to give this joker, I started to get hard again. Sex with Wendy made me hornier than I had ever been in my life. I was beginning to feel possessive and didn't want to hear any more about this loser at work. My fingers moved down to her cunt and started slowly massaging her soft wet lips. She moaned and looked into my eyes, silently communicating her desire. I could feel her breath quickening. I slid two fingers deep into her cunt, moving them in and out, pushing until the tips of my fingers found her womb.

I moved my fingers in circles against her vaginal walls while my thumb massaged her clit. My hand was soaked with her creamy fluids that were dripping down to the sheet beneath her undulating arse. The heady smell of her juices filled the room and her moans turned to little yelps of pleasure, then an outright yell as she came. She grabbed my hand and held it to her, looking more beautiful than I had ever seen her.

Her fingers slowly travelled down my body and rested in my pubic hairs. She lovingly cupped and caressed my balls, then closed her hand around my cock. Her thumb swirled over the tip as she pumped me up and down. My dick felt like a slab of steel and I moved over her. She kept my cock in her hand and guided it to her slippery hole, rubbing it up and down her lips and taut clit. She stuffed the head inside and engulfed it in her fleshy warmth.

Inch by hot inch, I slid the length of my shaft inside her until I hit bottom. Her moans changed to deep guttural noises of pleasure, growing deeper and more urgent with each thrust. I hadn't heard anything like it before. I pumped my rigid tool faster and harder inside her frothing mound. I wanted to come, but I tried to hold back and fuck her until I burst. I rammed in over and over as she writhed and panted beneath me. I arched my back and felt her shudder beneath me, her vaginal muscles contracting as she orgasmed and I flooded her cunt with sperm. I was nearly unconscious with pleasure.

Her hands gripped my buttocks and

"My late husband wanted his ashes to be scattered at sea, but he didn't specify how they were to get there!"

"Normally I don't recommend circumcision, Mr Niles, but in your case . . ."

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she said, "Keep it inside me."

We stayed like that for a long time. She rocked a little and told me she could feel the sperm rolling around inside her. I slowly slipped my cock out of her and lay back, exhausted.

We haven't made love since. I guess it was a learning experience and Wendy passed the test with flying colors. She told me that the guy at work changed his mind and is now taking her to the Christmas party. She evidently gave him an indescribable blowjob with her talented mouth. I felt a pang of jealousy as she told me all. I told her that I was there for her anytime she wanted to try out something new. She smiled mischievously at me and wiggled her pert bum as she got in her car. — *Name and address withheld*

Holy rolling

I must admit I had never read a single page of your magazine until the night my pastor burned 20 of them in an oil drum. One Sunday during his sermon, Pastor Gabriel worked the congregation into a frenzy over adult magazines, *Penthouse* in particular. "The time to strike out at the Devil is now!" he shouted as he led us out of the church, singing hymns all the way to the local newsagent. The plan was to exorcise Satan by burning all the copies of *Penthouse* we could lay our hands on.

The store's owner said he didn't care if we burned everything he had from *Woman's Day* and *New Idea* to *Playboy* and *Penthouse* as long as we paid for them first. Pastor Gabriel did what he's best at; he passed around the collection plate and bought as many magazines as he could. With a lot of singing and testifying, the mobs of parishioners came to an orgasmic peak watching the flames caress the naked centrefolds.

The scene haunted me. I had the angry feeling that I had been manipulated, and I began to think that maybe I should see for myself just what all the fuss was about. I can't say I was immediately won over by your comfortable, casual approach to life and sex, but I will admit that years of indoctrination might have prevented me from appreciating almost any unconventional views. I honestly could not see why your approach should be persecuted.

I needed to talk to someone about my changing attitudes so I took the magazine over to Pastor Gabriel's house, thinking maybe we could get a detailed dialogue going about the whole issue. When I arrived at his home he wasn't in, but his wife Rebecca let me in and offered me some coffee. Most people would call Rebecca mousy or plain. She was about 37, always wore her hair back in a severe bun and never wore make-up. She did have smooth, clear skin though, and I got the impression that underneath her heavy, shapeless clothes she possessed a heavenly body.

Rebecca asked me about the magazine I was holding. I figured she and the pastor probably talked about *Penthouse* a lot, as she helped him type his hell-raising sermons. I told her that I had read it, and it had given me misgivings about her husband's crusade. She didn't even blush, although I'm sure I did. We discussed in detail the contents, and much to my chagrin, I felt my member growing. I was very embarrassed, and tried to cover my expanding hard-on with the magazine.

Rebecca noticed and said, "Don't be ashamed. It's natural, isn't it? Didn't God create biology, after all?" I didn't know what to say. "Maybe this is to test us," I ventured. Rebecca just smiled, took me by the hand, and said, "Come with me."

In moments we were in the master bedroom, where a handmade quilt covered the big bed. With one hand squeezing the bulge in my jeans, Rebecca told me of her frustration with her evangelical husband. He did his conjugal duties regularly — once a month. He even marked it in his appointment book so he wouldn't forget. She went on to tell me that if she so much as twitched during his brief lovemaking, that if she gave even the slightest indication that she was enjoying herself, he would stop and give her a stern lecture about keeping a pure mind and heart.

By this time she had my shirt off and was working on my pants, passionately kissing me between her snatches of commentary. I had never dreamed that a woman's kisses could be so thrilling! My cock was finally released from the prison of my pants, and it was harder than it had ever been. Thinking I should contribute something to our tryst, I reached out and freed her hair from her bun. She shook it loose, and as the locks framed her unblemished face, I began to realise that she was a very beautiful woman who had been hiding her loveliness. Quickly she removed her clothes and got down on her knees. She began to touch, fondle, and devour my maleness with an intensity that bordered on ravishing hunger. I was astonished and nearly lost control of my seed while being orally ministered by the minister's wife.

Rebecca pulled me down with her on to the bed. Bathed in the evening sunlight streaming through the lace curtain, her body was a marvel of pale perfection. I could feel my organ swell even more as I looked at her. If this was the road to hell, I thought, it was a mighty smooth and fine superhighway. I lowered my face to the moist, hairy mound between her shapely legs. She gasped loudly and

"Before we go any further, I think you should know I'm still a virgin."

SIX APPEAL

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began crying out in pleasure. She guided my head where she wanted, and in seconds she was climaxing, again and again and again. We made love several times, feeling more abandoned and having more intense orgasms each time.

When Pastor Gabriel returned, he found me sipping coffee with his now demure and proper wife. I tried to engage his interest in *Penthouse*, but he only berated me for succumbing to fleshy temptations and ripped the magazine to shreds. I felt only pity for him as I cast Rebecca a sly sidelong smile of satisfaction. As I left, she shook my hand, smiled coquettishly, and politely said, "Do come again!" I suspect I will, many times. — *Name and address withheld*

Neighbors

When I moved to a new job in a new town, I found a nice place in a small block of units near the beach. I soon met the couple next door, a friendly young pair who were most welcoming to a new girl in town. Jemma and Scott are cousins, or at least that's what they said, and after a few weeks we were going to the movies together or down to the beach.

I called in to their flat after lunch one Saturday to see if they'd planned anything. Scott was alone. He told me Jemma had gone to the beach with a friend and since he was in the process of fixing himself something over ice, he poured me one too. By the time we were on the third drink, we were sitting on the floor having a friendly but heated argument about politics.

I was in the middle of a sentence when he reached over and pinched one of my nipples, then sat back grinning. I immediately went on the attack. Next thing we were rolling around on the floor wrestling. Scott kept pulling on my nipples whenever he got the chance. It made me angry that I couldn't prevent it, but it also made me feel horny. I grabbed a handful of his hair and as I yanked his head back hard I bit one of his nipples. As he yelled out and rolled away I noticed the bulge in his shorts and could see that he was as excited as I was.

I lifted my top up over my tits and said, "So, pay me back." He grabbed one breast in each hand and bit them softly as he pulled my nipples back and forward. It was driving me crazy. I wrenched his pants down and grabbed his cock, pulling it in time with his action on my tits. He put a hand up my skirt and pushed two fingers inside me. I was so turned on by this time that I had my first orgasm within seconds.

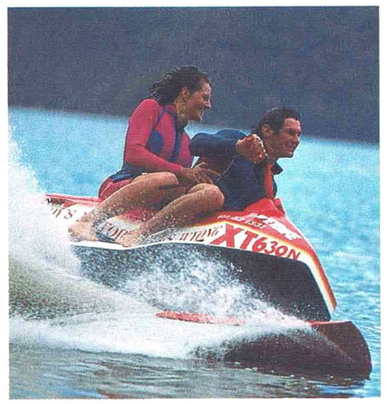
Recovering, I shoved him on to his back and after biting and sucking his stomach for a minute or two, I grabbed his cock and began rubbing it all over my tits. His cockhead was so swollen and dribbling, it felt fantastic prodding my tits. I put my mouth over the head of his cock and started sucking hard while massaging his shaft with my hand.

His fingers were back inside me by this time, pushing in and out as hard as I was sucking. I was close to coming again, when his cock began pulsating as it pumped come down my throat. I sucked him clean, looked up and said, "Don't think that this ends the argument."

As I said it, I pushed him away hard and lunged after him, trying to get his shirt off. Despite the fact that he only had a shirt on, I still lost my clothes first. With his shirt half off and a huge renewed erection, he roughly pushed my legs apart and rammed into me. I cried out with pain as well as pleasure. He didn't let up, just kept ramming his cock into me. He'd pull nearly all the way out and slam back into me. I could feel his arse muscles tensed hard and when I started to come I didn't think I'd ever stop.

Without warning, he withdrew his cock and roughly pushed me over on to my stomach. Before I could get up on my knees, he slipped a hand under my stomach, raised my arse and his cock was pushing into me again. He kept his other hand on the back of my neck so I couldn't raise my body very high. I was

WET 'N' WILD



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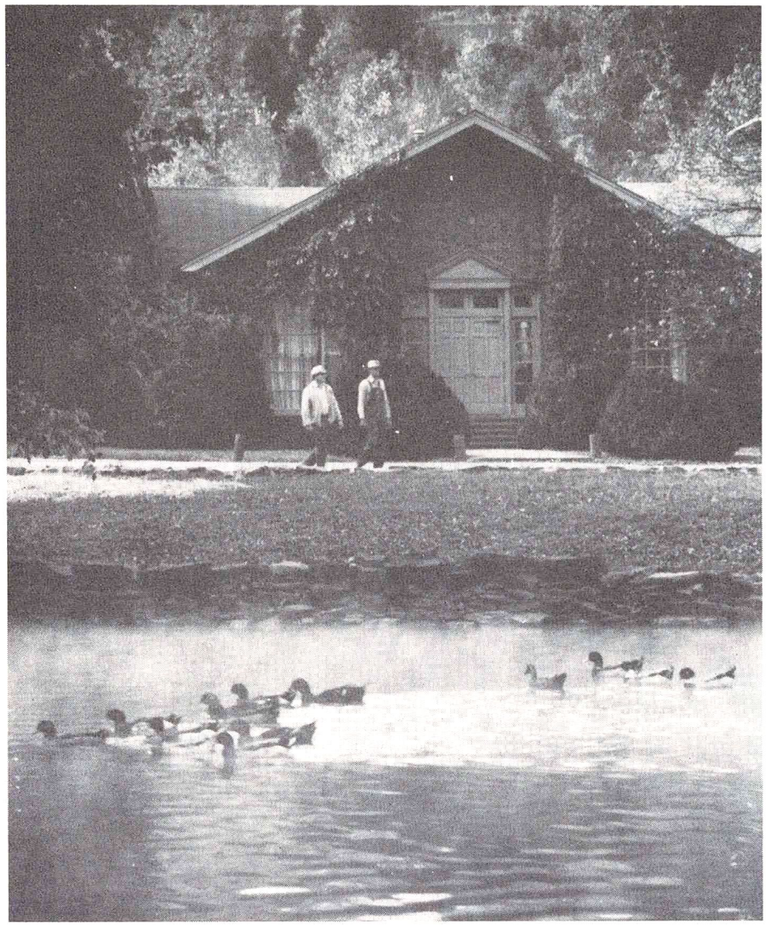

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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 10645-A SJD 6918R

resting on my forearms and couldn't quite manage to lift my tits off the floor. The feeling of Scott forcibly holding me down while he fucked me and the sensation of my nipples rubbing on the carpet as I fought back, just about made me senseless. I yelled as I started coming and he pushed right into me and held still while my cunt muscles jumped all round his cock.

As soon as he felt me start to relax, he worked his cock in and out really fast. Scott didn't pull all the way out this time, just used a short pumping action. Before I'd really finished one orgasm I was starting another and yelling again. He couldn't hold out any longer and the feeling of his cock pumping his juice into my cunt made my orgasm more intense. He collapsed on top of me. It was a few minutes before either of us had the energy to move.

Jemma walked in on us while we were soaping each other down in the shower. I was a little worried about her reaction, but to my utter surprise she quickly stripped off and joined us. She didn't waste time pushing her way in between us, facing me. While she held me close and rubbed her body against mine, she put her other hand behind her and massaged Scott's cock up and down the cleft of her arse. As Scott grunted and entered her from behind, she tongue-kissed me and fingered my clit. My hands grabbed hard on to Scott's arse and Jemma was the first to come. Her tongue and fingers got harder and faster. The sensation of her firm tits with their hard nipples pushing into mine sent me over the edge again. Scott was taking longer this time, so Jemma braced herself against the wall to push hard. I used my initiative and got on my knees and licked up and down his arse. While I sucked his balls, Scott and Jemma came together and nearly fell on me.

Jemma is asking her friend over next weekend so the four of us can get together. Needless to say, Scott and I are looking forward to it. — *Name and address withheld*

It's an adventure

Being in the Army Reserves isn't as easy as it's cracked up to be. All of us weekend warriors must attend a two-week training camp. This year mine took place somewhere back of Woop Woop. As the camp was coming to an end, it was getting harder and harder to jump out of the sack in the morning. There are no women allowed in the combat engineer unit, and I was getting pretty lonely and horny. My nightly dream fantasies were growing more and more erotic, and I would wake up with a rock-hard boner in the morning. I had to lie in bed an extra few minutes until the swelling subsided while my platoon sergeant haggled us to jump.

There was now one more day of camp and I had just finished phoning my girlfriend in the city. She's a blonde-haired, blue-eyed aerobics instructor with the firmest pair of breasts this side of anywhere on a very petite tanned bod. She never seems to get enough. With this vision of pleasure in mind, I again had a huge erection and, being quite large, it was difficult to conceal. I was thankful for the baggy strides that the army issues; they hid a lot.

She showed up the next day after the five-hour drive from our house. She said the long drive had made her extremely horny, tempting her to masturbate several times on the way down, but she had restrained herself, wanting to save herself for me.

We shared many long kisses, hugs and caresses on the way to the nearest hotel. Once in the room we immediately started removing each other's clothes. She told me to go slow and let the moment last. I told her about the past week when every passing soft breeze made my dick stand up. Now she was asking me to go slow?

I restrained myself as best I could, knowing that slow sex brings out the best in her. I could tell by the sly look in her eyes that she had something up her sleeve. Going even slower than she wanted me to, I removed every stitch of clothing except her white panties, kissing and stroking every exposed inch of her fresh, smooth-shaven body. I tantalised her nipples which reacted like two little penises, becoming erect with excitement.

She lay on her back, spread-eagled on the bed, while I slowly licked up one side of her inner thigh, paying particular attention to the crevices of her knee. I went up her smooth expanse of skin to her crotch, letting her feel my hot breath as I licked around the band of her panties. Her skin beneath was smooth. I stopped and licked back down to the underside of her other knee, then, more slowly now, began my way back up again to her white-pantied crotch, now wet with juices. She was breathing slowly and heavily and moaning each time I passed up her mound to lick her heated skin.

I gently pulled the cotton-lined panties to the side, exposing her pink lips to my full view. I now experienced the first of her tricks. She had shaved every inch of her body, including her public hair. It must have taken her some time, as it was smooth and very soft. Her lips were parted slightly and I glimpsed the wetness before I plunged my tongue deep inside her until she started moving her hips. She lifted her bum right off the bed and ground her clit into my nose while my tongue went deeper still. Her thighs were convulsing and she clamped her legs around my head while she climaxed for the first time in days.

It took her a few minutes to return to Earth while I kissed and hugged her thighs. She made me let her up to go to the bathroom and she didn't return for long minutes. She came out wearing a tight-fitting black leather bra that had holes where her erect nipples stuck out. The bottoms were matching leather crotchless panties. She was carrying a pan of water that she put on the floor near the bed. Next to it she put a razor, some scissors and some shaving cream. She wanted to shave my pubic area.

I lay back on the bed. This wasn't going the way I'd imagined it. I spread my legs far apart so she could trim my pubic hair short around my stiffly erect penis. She grasped the shaft in her hand and moved it this way and that as she chopped off the hair around it, then she proceeded to shave me clean. I had never been so excited in all my life. My cock looked enormous and naked, its bulbous head glistening with precome. The skin of my scrotum was as tight as the leather-clad arse of my sex goddess, and I had deliberate ideas of what I wanted to do with her, ideas that had been brewing for two weeks.

I asked her to sit in the big lounge chair while I placed some pillows on the floor in front of her. She spread her legs wide, offering me a full view of her thick wet lips as I started to penetrate her. I pushed my head in slowly, then brought it out again. I pushed it in again, teasing her, waiting until she begged for it. She was so wet that I couldn't keep myself from sliding my whole length into her, right up to my balls. I held still then, trying not to come as she pulsed around me, moaning and coming again.

I couldn't wait any longer. With long slow strokes, building faster, I watched as my glistening pole spread her pussy lips wide. I pounded in, stroke after stroke, while her pussy flooded with juices. I could feel the head of my cock hit bottom as my balls slapped against her arse.

Without the usual hair to buffer the sounds, our lovemaking sounded like a lone person rhythmically clapping. I couldn't last much longer. A tingling started from my spine, working up my back and through my balls to erupt from the tip of my cock and fill her with my fluids. I couldn't control my grunting noises as my come poured from us, dripping over my hairless sac and down my thighs.

I felt light-headed, as though I hadn't eaten in a while or had held my breath too long. I knelt on the floor and held her to me without saying a word. We kissed hungrily and gasped for breath, then

Continued on page 122

"Very well . . . that takes care of your federal taxes, but you still owe the state $563.98."

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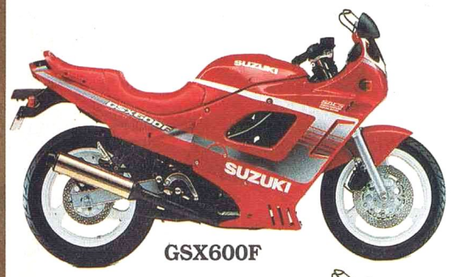

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REVIEWS & OPINIONS

ANGER

THAT TIME OF THE YEAR

'Tis the season to make merry of Christmas

If a 19-stone geriatric in a red suit *did* manage to force his way down your chimney and into your bedroom you'd clobber him before calling the police, wouldn't you? And we all know that nobody accepts immaculate conception as an excuse for falling pregnant any more. Merry Christmas, anyway.

How can we be cynical amid all this "peace on Earth and goodwill to mankind" bonhomie? Lunatics we met ten years ago are suddenly taking the trouble to send us Christmas cards. People we thought were asexual suddenly want to risk all for an illicit Yuletide bonk. Relatives presumed dead descend bearing K-Mart chocolates and insipid wine.

Like little lemmings we're compelled to join the joyous masses of mankind in the Christmas crush. Idiot Armageddon freaks attack us in the sweltering streets. Office drunks gallop up the melting pavements. Heat-exhausted Santa Clauses lurch around pelting passersby with remaindered lollies. The shops play Muzak Christmas carols and put polystyrene snowdrifts in their windows. Travel agents offer Chrissie "getaways" and illustrate the need for such with mangers, hay and donkeys in their windows. Spray-on snow art culturally uplifts us.

Christmas, as the televangelists say, filters down through *all* socio-economic levels. The money man who's sulking after getting a helicopter when he'd asked for a jump jet is spiritually akin to the derelict who wanted a flagon of sherry and received a Big Sister plum pudding.

The media reflects the season's paradox by running the classic Twelve News Stories Of Christmas. You know the ones. They ran them last year, they'll run them next year, they will run them a thousand years from now . . .

Illustration by John Scott

• Person Who Works On Christmas Day: *"As you tuck into your Christmas turkey, spare a thought for Joe Fucknuckle, who will be up all night repairing the sewage tanks . . ."*

• High Society Christmas Exclusive: *"Naturally we'd expect Lord and Lady Muck to celebrate Christmas with style, and this year they're . . ."* This is followed by inane details of the mediocrities planned by the more self-promoting of the season's celebrities.

• Christmas Poverty: *"While the fortunate among us open our presents, the Deadbeat family of Grotsville will be lucky to scrape a nourishing lunch from the mould that . . ."* Accompanied by picture of mournful-looking family.

• Ideal Presents: Written by an advertising manager from David Jones.

• Christmas Cocktails: The headline has a witty play on the words "festive" and "spirits." The text reads as if the author was too busy vomiting into his wastepaper basket to write with any semblance of spark.

• Drunken Revelry Ends In Christmas Tragedy. Gory tale of partygoers who carked it and a pie graph showing how the holiday road toll is worse than ever before. If it isn't, there'll be a graph showing how it's still worse than it was ten years ago.

• Safe Drinking: The paper's pet nutritionist contributes fantastic Chrissie tips along the lines of: *"Limit yourself to one mineral water and single Bacardi per party."*

• Christmas Has Become Crassly Commercialised: Headlined with something like "A Call For More Reverence", this will have quotes from trendy vicars and feature pictures of the Turin Shroud, stills from *Jesus Christ Superstar* or an artist's impression of the Messiah as a young man.

• Christmas Strumpet: These are the perennial pix of trollops in topless Santa suits captioned: *"Wouldn't you like to find* her *in your Christmas stocking?"*

• Human Interest: Either a story about a bloke who's been Father Christmas for the past 50 years or about a couple who once met under the mistletoe and are still together.

• Abandoned Animal: *"Bluey is one dog who won't be tucking into his Christmas offal today . . ."* Readers are invited to save his life. Do animals really find it more poignant to be gassed at Christmas than at any other time of the year?

• Christmas Message To Readers: Merry Christmas, etc, etc. Keep that circulation *rising*.

Everyone seems to forget that we were yahooing round at this time of year millennia before Christ was even a bulge in the pants of the Holy Ghost. The last week of December was once the pagan Saturnalia festival. Slaves were set free for a while, gifts were exchanged,

Sins

there was stacks of fancy piss, hangovers and an excuse to behave like an absolute swine.

The Office Party and the Family Gathering are direct descendants of these happy heathen occasions.

The extra-high suicide and divorce figures at Christmas must have something to do with family gatherings. We get gifts we'd rather die than eat/read/wear/sleep with, and we explain about 50 million times why what we do isn't as bad as it sounds, why we broke up with whoever we were with last year and why Adam Ant isn't hot anymore.

Melancholia overwhelms us as we remember friends and family no longer with us, and suffer those who still are. And then there's the realisation that the thrill of Christmas wore off soon after the year you were seven and stayed up all night. No wonder we all get pissed. — *Jean Norman*

ENVY

THE "TALL POPPY" DEFENCE

Big shots in deep shit are all singing the same song

"As soon as a guy gets up a bit, it seems to be in this country, you guys just can't wait to rip him down." Can you guess who it was who said that when they were interviewed on the Nine Network's *A Current Affair?* Was it Alan Bond, after various media investigations precipitated a crisis for Bond Corp? Was it Russ Hinze, responding to evidence aired at the Fitzgerald Inquiry suggesting that several people have allegedly been unable to resist the urge to provide the former Minister For Everything with non-repayable loans? Was it Alby Mangels, after it was alleged that his massively successful adventure "documentaries" contained wild exaggerations and outright lies? Was it a member of the Waterhouse dynasty after the famous *Four Corners* exposé?

If you went for Alby, you get the banana. Point is, it could have been any of them or dozens of others. If anyone bothered to keep a computer file of all those Australians who've claimed to be victims of "the tall poppy syndrome" over the past few years, the thing would spit out a list as long as your arm. Because these days when the shit really hits the fan, when there's nothing for it but to maintain an air of belligerent indignation at the sheer injustice of it all, what we get from one "tall poppy" after another is a tirade of invective to the effect that we're a nation of envious, resentful drones obsessed with draggng into the dirt anyone who's enjoyed an unacceptable amount of success.

What a load of bullshit. Sure, we're not the sort of people who get gravel rash from too much grovelling before the rich and famous, but like any other people we have our heroes — men and women whose reputations remain unsullied down the generations, simply because they didn't get caught up to the apricots in demonstrably foul waters. Everyone knows that the rich, powerful and famous in our country are just as privileged and protected as they are anywhere else — even more so, in fact, when you take into account our stringent defamation laws which nurture the ground for tall poppies everywhere. You've got to really screw up badly in this country before the can gets kicked out from under you.

When Bondy gets up in front of the National Press Gallery and spouts: "There is a vocal and critical minority in Australia who knock success and resent excellence", who the hell is he trying to kid? Does he really think the media targeted him for a bucketing *because* he was a national hero after bringing back the America's Cup? Christ, there was even a tear in these tired old eyes when the bombastic beachball unveiled the silverware over at the Royal Perth Yacht Club. Bondy came to grief *in spite of* his hero status, not because of it. Anyway, poor old Alan has now signalled his intention to return to the land of his birth, where his skills and business acumen will be properly appreciated. It's to be hoped, for his sake, that the average Pom appreciates him more than the villagers of Glympton in the Cotswolds, whose lives became mortgaged to Bondy when he virtually bought the place lock, stock and barrel, sacked half the population and cut the wages of the rest. "The name's Bond," he might have announced to the burghers of Glympton. "*Alan* Bond. How do you like me so far?"

Then there's Russ Hinze. When his adventures in Fortitude Valley became the focal point of the Fitzgerald Inquiry, Big Russ invoked a slight variation on the "tall poppy" defence by railing that the inquiry's informants were "a pack of lowdown dobbers" or words to that effect. I like to think of this as the "fat poppy"

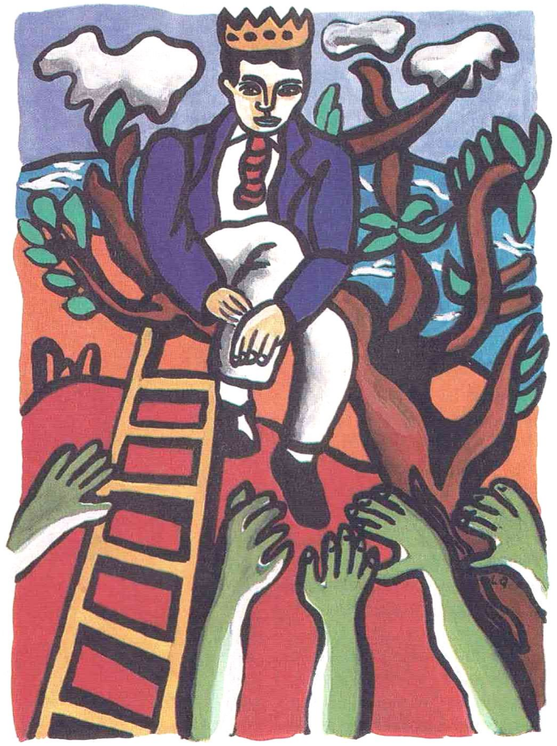

Illustration by Lindsay Quibell

Roma Centro Storico. 2am.
Another sultry night at Bar Pantheon.
Sambuca frappes going down beautifully at Rosati's.
Turning heads at Caffe della Pace.
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Sins

defence in recognition of Mr Hinze's contribution to the Queensland corruption debate. Although the Colossus of Roads didn't invent the fat poppy defence, he's certainly its chief proponent at the moment ... closely followed by Alby Mangels, who, after being dobbed in by his cameraman, could only respond by saying to the reporter: "You've got to dig up a bit of grovel, don't you? You always have to come and say, 'Answer this question. Was that the truth?' What the hell does it matter?" You might say Alby combined the tall poppy *and* fat poppy defences to come up with a great big double-bunger that turned out to be a fizzer.

I'll take the victims of the opium poppy syndrome over this lot any day. At least they really have got something to whinge about.

I reckon a media boycott ought to be imposed on the next pompous fart who tries to snow us with this pathetic brand of drivel.

When you're caught with your pants down and about to be shafted, the only way to maintain a semblance of dignity is to bend over and take it like a man. — *Greg Hunter*

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

SLOTH

LOAF. BE IN IT

Have you got what it takes to join the public service?

Hello. Welcome to this year's public service entrance exam. I see that all of you have been able to find yourself a seat and a desk so obviously you've got what it takes to be public servants.

Should you pass this exam and become a member of the public service, you will enjoy not only the esteem and envy of all your friends but also a unique package of fringe benefits, including: an early retirement scheme which allows you to retire while still turning up to work; flexitime which enables you to decide when you don't want to work at work and when you don't want to work away from work; plus free use of government stationery — this has been facilitated by the introduction of eight-items-or-less lanes as you leave the building.

I must at this stage warn all examinees that anyone found cheating or copying from their neighbor's paper will be automatically assigned to ASIO — regardless of whether they fail the intelligence test. *Especially* if they fail the intelligence test.

Mathematics

Please answer the following questions in the spaces provided on your answer sheet.

1. If you went to lunch at 12 noon and came back to work at 2.30 pm, how long have you had for lunch? How *long* have you had for lunch?
(The answer is, of course, half an hour.)
2. If one public servant takes three hours to process a 321/L3/MX1 form, how long would it take two public servants to process the same form?
(The answer is, of course, four hours.)

For those of you who failed the maths test, you may still be eligible to become Mr Peacock's tax policy advisor.

Multiple choice

1. If you are about to take your lunchbreak and a female member of the general public comes with an enquiry, you should address her by saying:
(a) Can I help you, madam?
(b) Can I help you, miss?
(c) What can I do you for, mate?
(d) How's tricks, doll-face?
(The correct answer is: None of the above. This is a trick question. If you are about to take your lunchbreak, you shouldn't talk to her at all.)
2. If a member of the general public phones up with a complaint and you realise that the file on this matter has been lost, you should say:
(a) We are looking into the matter.
(b) Can I get back to you on this one?
(c) The matters have been referred to another committee.
(d) I haven't had a chance to look into it yet.
(The correct answer is that you should tell them that they have the wrong telephone extension.)

Spelling

Spell the following words: (a) Tea; (b) Sickie; (c) Lunchbreak; (D) Go-slow.

That is the end of the examination. Please sign your exam paper illegibly and pass it to those collecting them, while denying that you have ever seen or heard anything about it. — *Ren*

NICK SPARR IS A HARD MAN TO PLEASE.

Successful restauranteur Nick Sparr knows how hard it is to earn a reputation for excellence. Everything must be first class. In today's world, second best just isn't good enough.

That's why he drives a Porsche . . . And rides a Yamaha FZR1000.

YAMAHA

Yamaha FZR1000 with EXUP exhaust control—proven on the race track for ultimate street performance. Seat cowl fitted as optional extra.

McCann S.A. 0238

AVARICE

THE PARTLY-PAID MAN

Confessions of a failed scammer

Each week I stroll along the shore of the financial pages and scour the high water mark of the court reports, turning over the bodies washed up there. Here are to be found the bloated bodies of capitalism's excess: the worm-eaten faces of the entrepreneurs who were long when they should have been short, bodies infested with parasites sucking whatever is left.

Here's one: a partly-paid man. In the mid-Eighties, it was common to "reward" executives of small public companies with the issue of large numbers of shares paid up to one cent. Thus, for $10,000 "cash" (say, in lieu of annual bonus), the directors would issue their favorites — ie, themselves — one million partly-paid shares, the balance due — oohh, think of a number — four or five years down the track.

In the days of the boom it was a poor share indeed that did not appreciate by at least 20 percent a year. This was an appreciation enjoyed by the partly-paid shares as well, although, because they cost the merest fraction of the market price, the percentage gain was far greater.

For example, say the shares went up 20c each, from 50c to 70c. Mine were issued at 1c paid and 49c to come some time before June 30, 1991. My million shares cost me $10,000 but are now worth 70c less 49c owing, which is 21c. Total worth $210,000. Not bad for an investment of only $10,000, and even better if you consider I didn't actually pull $10,000 out of my sky-rocket but instead simply made a minute at a board meeting to effect that "investment."

Once you're able to play that game you realise how easy it all is. And how little, in that first-grade competition, is a sum like $210,000.

There are possibly hundreds or even thousands of company promoters and businessmen who dealt themselves pat hands during 1984-'87. By the end of the boom the usual cop was at least a million bucks.

Now, it must be understood that the ordinary shareholders were also gaining. Twenty cents on 50c is 40 percent, after all. That's a good return. Not as good as 2100 percent but . . .

To maintain some semblance of reality, the partly-paids are issued with some call liability. That is, though they may be only paid to the 1c, the balance owing is a liability and can be called by the company at certain times. This is no problem as long as you control the company or the market value of the shares exceeds the outstanding liability; in this latter case you can always sell the shares on market to get back more than you are called on to pay.

Since October 1987 most of those calls have been far in excess of the market value, if any, of the shares. Worse, control of the companies has been lost by many of those with huge swags of partly-paid shares. Those tickets to fabulous wealth are, as they always were, huge liabilities. In the boom market the liability was merely notional; post-Crash, the liability is real.

Those lucky enough to maintain control or influence on boards managed to squirm their way out: vide the AFP boys and the Goodman Fielder deal; but liquidators and receivers have been less willing to play Santa Claus with other people's money and have been calling on the once high-fliers to pay up.

Of course, many of these one-time Business Stars of the Year are now but Rorter of the Week and unable to pay, mouthing all manner of justifications as to why they cannot pay or why they shouldn't have to at all.

What is truly horrendous is that this widespread failure to meet obligations is occurring without any great display of moral outrage by authorities. Shareholders are used to being diddled, but authorities — governments, stock exchanges, corporate affairs commissions, etc — are supposed to stop the rorts. These company directors were all prepared to enjoy the rewards of the partly-paids but were not, in far too many cases, prepared to unbutton the purse when the wind turned.

And worse, they still believe they are entitled to some respect; and even worse still, there are still some who will give them same. Worse yet again, those who got out of their

Illustration by Amada Upton

They wish their figures were as healthy as ours.

BUSINESS REVIEW WEEKLY
76,223

TIME
107,000

THE BULLETIN
109,200

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
41,162

WHEELS
100

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE
132,379*

In competing for the advertising dollar few magazines have the staying power to deliver the really glittering prizes.

However, while some have their ups and downs in circulation, Australian Penthouse is consistently healthy.

And constantly ahead of the rest.

In fact, it seems the thought of our 132,379* circulation exhausts them.

What an even further increase in circulation, which seems highly likely, will do is anyone's guess.

However, one thing is for certain, all Australian Penthouse figures stand up to close scrutiny.

For instance, our readers have a high disposable income; far higher than the national average.

And they are keen to spend it, very keen indeed.

They exceed the national average in almost everything: buying cars, videos and recording devices, taking holidays, smoking, drinking and entertaining.

So if you have a product whose sale figures need livening up, place the advertising in the magazine whose figures don't look tired.

Australian
PENTHOUSE

NOW, MORE THAN EVER, IT'S A BUSINESS DECISION.

Sydney Howard Jenkins, Sarah Bowing (02) 929 6677. **Melbourne** Bob Gaff (03) 690 8233.
Brisbane Sue Horne (07) 202 6813. **Adelaide** Tony Giuliani (08) 373 1142.

*Source: ABC Audit, October 1, 1988–March 31, 1989

Jacka 1659 A

obligations — who got away with it — are those who will be knights next time there is a government that goes in for such "honors." Further proof, as if we needed it, that fair play and business are mutually exclusive. — *David Quicksilver*

GLUTTONY

WINE FUTURES

The Nineties are shaping up as a decade of restraint in the wine world

However much the wine lover may dream of the day when instant Cabernet Sauvignon may be achieved at home with a dash of powder and a splash of water, such developments dwell more in the realm of alchemy than practical oenology — at least for the foreseeable future. In fact, present wine research focuses more on the possibilities of improving on nature than the feasibility of producing test-tube substitutes for real wine. The appeal of a quality wine is closely related to its degree of freedom from artificial and chemical manipulation and the continuing trend will be to come up with the purest drop that top rate grapes can produce.

Of all the edibles and drinkables available on the market, wine is the least likely to follow the fast food assembly-line model. In the winery or vineyard, automation and laboratory research, whether it is computerisation of production lines or the introduction of superior grape clones, serve to increase quality control and overall efficiency. In this respect, Australian viticulture has been a world leader in its use of scientific methods in developing our increasingly envied quality wine industry. Whither the future?

World oenologists are studying the effect of carbon dioxide on yeast growth. During fermentation, yeast produces carbon dioxide as well as alcohol from the natural sugar of the grapes. With certain varieties, notably red grapes intended for Beaujolais style wines, deliberate retention of the carbon dioxide results in a fruitier, fresher, less tannic wine. However, such wines do not age well. It has yet to be discovered whether the aging problem can be solved without affecting the fruitiness of the wine.

Oxidation usually spoils red wine, but sometimes a little oxidation actually improves it. High tech winemakers like the Australians and Americans often single out oxidation as a "fault" in many great French wines. Unfortunately for the critics, many of them taste very good. Experiments with the controlled oxidation of red wine are part of a long-term US study project.

A significant quandary of the future will be champagne supplies. The area under vine in France remains virtually static but the demand for "the real thing" continues to grow. In the Nineties, the French will continue to establish wine companies outside France, as they already have in Australia, the US and New Zealand. They will be careful to maintain the distinction between sparkling wines made by the methode champenoise and true champagne which will, of course, always fetch the higher price. But Australian and American winemakers will also be in for their chop with an ever-expanding range of totally homegrown products in the manner of Seppelt's Salinger and Petaluma's Croser.

Over the past few years in Australia, there has been a significant swing back to red varieties after the rush to join the white wave. Except for notable exceptions like Grange Hermitage, reds will continue to be drunk sooner rather than later to keep accountants happy. Sparkling burgundy is back in fashion on a minor scale but only if it is bottle-fermented like champagne and supplies remain scarce. Check out Seppelts, Rockford Black Shiraz (only from the winery in South Australia), Wyndham Estate Vanessa and Yalumba.

Chardonnay will remain king of the fashion pile in the white varieties, followed closely by sauvignon blanc. Rhine riesling, still the biggest white volume seller in Australia, has been "returning" to fashionable tables for so many years that it could finally make it, especially with some of the superb bottlings currently being released. Chenin blanc and verdelho won't grow significantly in the popular mind, other than as well-made, cheaper varieties.

Dessert wines — the stickies, muscats, tokays, etc — will always remain the concern of connoisseurs or those desperate to show off their wine knowledge. Eleven percent of total wine market sales is still taken up with fortifieds, mainly port, but it's hard to predict what will happen when the old diggers head off for the big RSL in the sky. Lest we forget, Australian ports and sherries are first rate and deserve our continued support well into the 21st Century. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Skye Rogers

SPECIAL MILD 35's

Specially blended mild cigarettes with taste

Make a Move to the Mild Side

SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS
Health Authority Warning*
*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

RSM 0043
APB 9399-C

LUST

WHAT'S YOUR PERVERSION?

Your handy guide to the latest in sexual mores

Never have more people been eager to publicly admit to and indulge in what in Victorian times were tastes popularly regarded as evidence of insanity. About the only sexual act less common today than then — New Zealand jokes notwithstanding — is sex with an animal, mainly for the simple reason that fewer people now live on farms. Books, magazines and movies, even in these post-AIDS times, all carry the message that elaborate sexual fantasies are more common than people think, and that satisfying them, if not flaunting them, can be good for everyone. Up to a point, maybe, but to paraphrase Mrs Beeton, first catch someone who wants to do the same thing as you do.

The simplest definition of a sexual fantasy is a daydream with an elaborate script that is sexually exciting.

The plain truth is that most of us are far more banal or "Romantic" than we think. By far the most popular masturbation fantasy reported in Masters and Johnson's most recent survey remains — wait for it — intercourse with a loved one. But what if you're a shoe fetishist, can't get it up unless five onlookers are present, or have a secret feminine personality called Melissa? It serves no purpose to link up with someone whose wildest sexual fantasy depicts a couple on a secluded beach on a beautiful sunny day, heavy petting and a sortie to a nearby beach bungalow for a "love-making" session. Those who like a riotous kind of embroidery on the rich tapestry of life, the "Baroques" of this world, should go for Baroque. Romantics, likewise, should stick to their own kind. It's as simple as that.

To save Romantics the pain of being beaten up by a dominant woman for trying to slip her into bed while whispering sweet nothings, and Baroques from inducing spontaneous projectile vomiting as they whisper their "little wants", here's a quick guide to the tastes and habits of both species.

Time: Evening is, of course, the time for Romantics, as are sunrise and sunset. Baroques prefer the stimulation of the blazing midday sun, or ten minutes before mealtimes. During lunch and dinner, especially with company present, is ultra-Baroque.

Place: The Great Outdoors is Romantic except for downtown at rush hour, family barbecues and open air rock concerts that aren't too well attended. The backseat of a car is Romantic if you're under the age of consent, but Baroque if you're an adult, the gear stick is involved and you are not drunk. The shower is super-Romantic; the bath is Baroque, especially when empty and the enamel is chipped.

Participants: Two is the classic and only number for Romantics. One through ten or more, with the exception of two, is Baroque.

Lighting: Total darkness is conservative Romantic, except when it is a playful Baroque variation. Seduction lighting and flickering candles are cliché Romantic. Spotlights are uncompromisingly Baroque, especially in cricket grounds.

Clothes: Romantics always do it in the raw. Clothes synonymous with lurid imagery and fantasies are Baroque. Merry Widow bras, suspenders, easy access panties and schoolgirl or nurses' uniforms are old-fashioned Baroque. Anything red is also Baroque.

Eating: Caviar and champagne are standard Romantic fare; tacos, braised heads of garlic and vindaloo curries are Baroque. Putting food anywhere except in your mouth is Baroque, the messier and more potent-smelling the better.

Stimulants: Wine and marijuana are Romantic. Heroin and amyl nitrate are Baroque. Either is self-destructive.

Sex Guidance: *Love Without Fear* is the cornball classic for five-year-olds. *The Joy Of Sex* is for Romantics. The *Kama Sutra*, when read and followed attentively enough, can be the Baroque's nirvana. If you're really serious, the religious overtones add an intoxicating hint of profanity.

Machinery: Anything other than the human body — vibrators, blow-up women who say "You're the greatest", enemas, whips, etc — is either Baroque or pathetic, depending on your level of dependence. It goes without saying that Romantics need nothing more than each other. — *Elisabeth King*

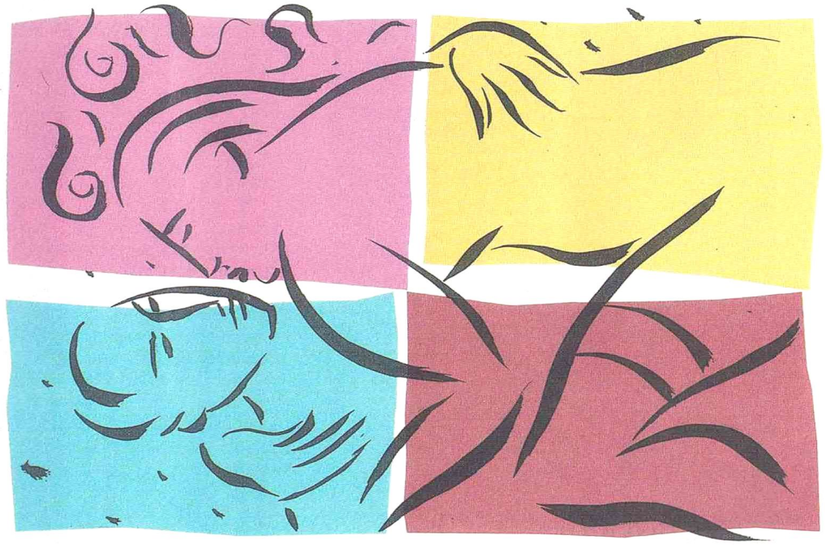
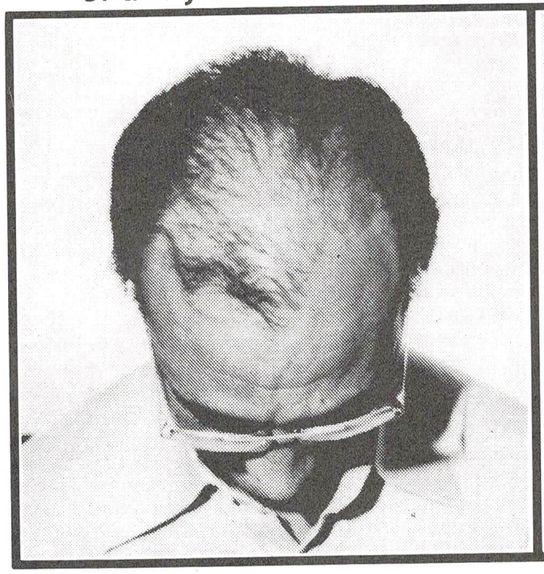


Illustration by Donna Cross

9AM JAN 8TH 1988



3PM JAN 8TH 1988

ATTENTION

Nido now has an office in Melbourne. We invite you to enquire about our special, low cost, introductory offer. Call us on (03)670 6310 or (03)670 6309 or send the coupon below for further details.

This is not a wig or transplant, it is not fusion or hair tying, nor is it the result of creams or lotions

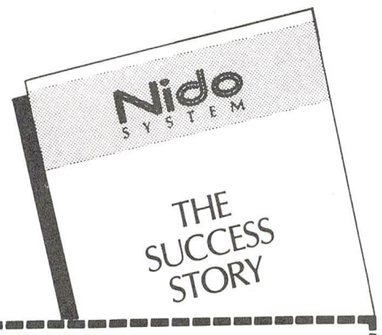
The stunning transformation you can see above is the result of the NIDO System of artificial hair implantation. In just under 5 hours 2000 strands of colour matched, artificial hair were implanted and a very satisfied client walked out of our clinic.

The NIDO System is new. New to Australia that is, however it has been successfully used in Japan and Europe for more than 10 years. And there are presently 30 NIDO clinics operating in more than 15 countries around the world.

More than 50,000 people have taken the NIDO solution to the age old problem of hair loss. And why not. It is safe, fast and the results speak for themselves.

NIDO is unique and the only clinic in Australia providing artificial hair implants. While there are several imitations available overseas, none of them can claim the consistent success of NIDO. For further information complete the attached coupon or phone 670 6310 or 670 6309 for an appointment.

Independent third party reports on the NIDO process including reports from the 6th and 8th International Congress of Plastic Surgery can be inspected at our Clinic.



I am interested in the NIDO System of artificial hair replacement
Please send me further information.

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SYSTEM

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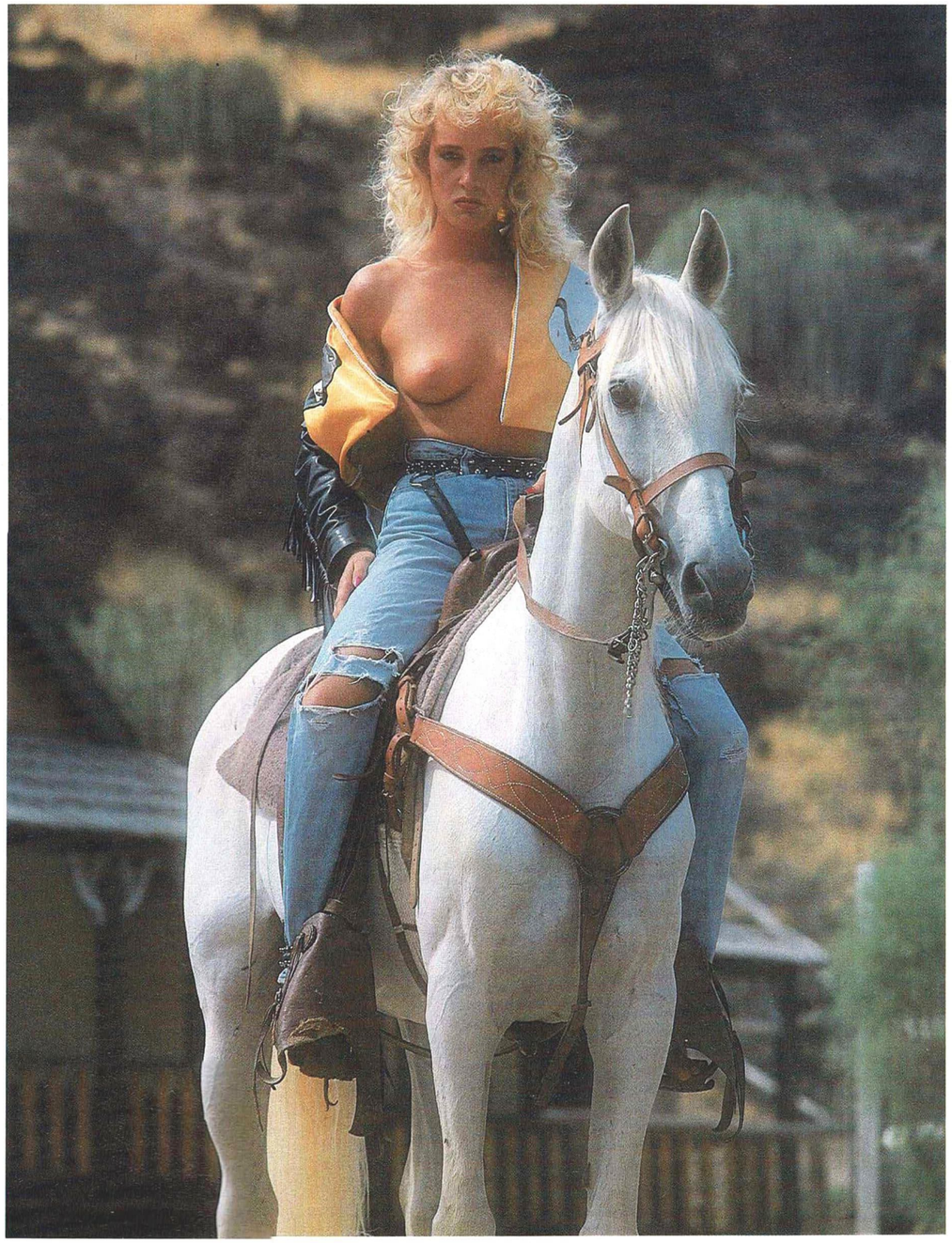
SYDNEY
Level 16, 388 George St.,
Sydney 2000
PH: (02) 223 5167

PERTH
Second floor, 51 Colin St.,
West Perth W.A. 6005
PH: (09) 321 1110

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

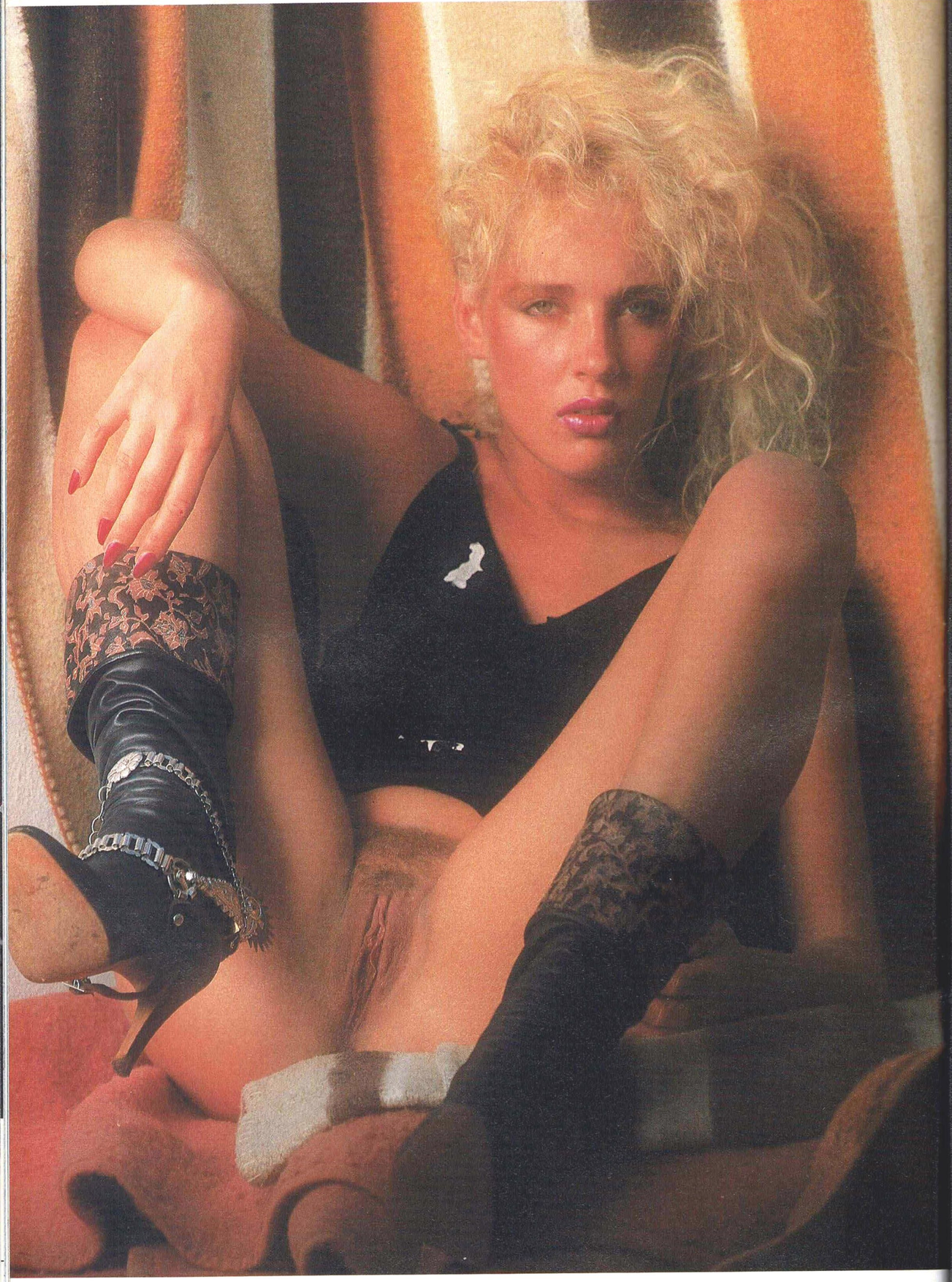
TRAIL BLAZER

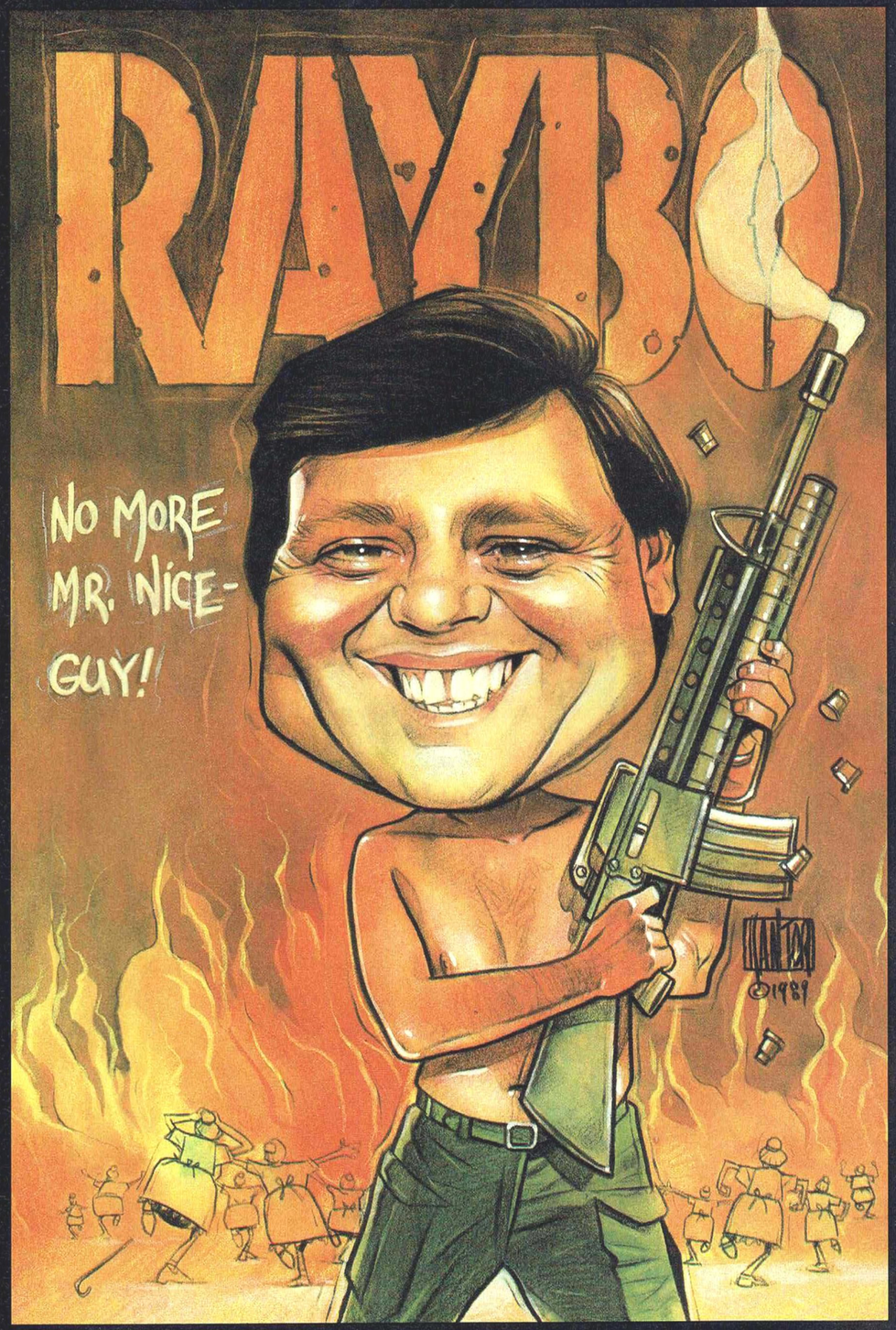
Twenty-two-year-old Miriam Hendriks thrives on adventure. "I love being spontaneous," says this vibrant blonde. "I'd like to spend one day skiing in Austria, and the next sunning in Spain. I've never been one to follow the crowd," she explains. "I've always preferred taking off on my own. I'm into exploration — new territories, new people."



"Most relationships are like familiar roads," says 36-27-36 Miriam. "A lot of people like to know what's up ahead. I'm different. I think it's more exciting to find a *new* road and a *new* destination."

Miriam, who likens herself to a "female James Bond", recently signed up for skydiving lessons. "I can't wait to spread my wings and really fly!" Jeronimo!





KANTOR'S GALLERY

BY WALTER GLASER

ARTWORK BY STUDIO DOOR 34

The trade in counterfeit name-brand goods is one of the world's great growth industries

FAKING IT

They don't make counterfeiters like they used to. The image of the wayward artist painstakingly reproducing Old Masters or burning the midnight oil to etch plates for dodgy dollar bills doesn't come close to describing today's amorphous breed of copyists. The modern forger defies categorisation, such is the scope of the world-wide multi-billion dollar industry that is churning out fakes of everything from designer label clothing, accessories and jewellery to cosmetics, liquor, electronics and even pharmaceuticals. Bona fide manufacturers slog on in the war against international piracy, winning a skirmish here and there, but with little hope of outright victory over the sheer magnitude of one of

fAKING

the world's most high profile growth industries. The range of counterfeit goods on the world market and the power and diversity of the industry's controllers render it virtually insuperable.

Nothing is safe from the skilful hands of the counterfeiting craftsmen:

• In Indonesia, pirate copies of Bob Geldof's Live Aid Concert were produced and sold to people who believed their money was going to aid famine-stricken Africans.

• Earlier this year, US investigators charged a number of pharmaceutical companies who had submitted competitors' products for Federal Drug Administration testing, then put their own pills and drugs, which were not up to standard, on the market with the approval they had falsely obtained.

• In London, three years ago, fake Chanel perfume was being sold by a gang financed at one end by the Mafia and by an arm of the PLO at the other.

• In Milan, Gianfranco Chih was living a life of luxury until he was arrested and jailed for copying leather goods patterned after the designs of Valentino, Gucci, Vuitton, and Dior, a scam that had him turning over an estimated A$24 million annually.

• In Britain, makers of motor parts claim that they are losing exports worth A$100 million a year to makers of fake parts that are sold as respected and safety-tested brands.

• The Swiss watch industry calculates that a staggering ten million fakes of Swiss name-brand watches are sold around the world each year.

• A Belgian customer commented to a representative of the medical firm of Pfizer that they had just taken delivery of a 50-kilo drum of their product, Mecadox. "That's impossible," said the representative. "We only sell it in 25-kilo bags." The 50-kilo drums turned out to be fakes.

• The Levi Strauss company of San Francisco, the world's largest jeans manufacturer, found that a London-based corporation was distributing phony Taiwanese Levi's throughout Europe. Law suits led to the seizure of 150,000 pairs of counterfeit jeans in Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and Taiwan.

• Imitations of Unilever's Sunsilk Shampoo made in Taiwan and Greece have been pouring into the Middle Eastern countries of Saudi Arabia, Yemen and the United Arab Emirates.

• In street markets from Istanbul to Bangkok, vendors offer "Lacoste" shirts, socks and other items bearing the famous crocodile logo for as little as $2 or $3 a garment. All are, of course, as fake as a $3 bill.

The counterfeiting industry targets just about every type of product that is heavily advertised. Major manufacturers and designers spend fortunes researching, designing, advertising, marketing and further promoting products to make their brands household names. For the unscrupulous, it is a relatively simple matter to copy and cash in.

And the copycat products are often remarkably similar to the originals. After purchasing some fake Cartier watches for around A$30 each on Orchard Road in Singapore this year, I took them to a senior government official. "Trying to put a stop to counterfeiting is a hopeless task," he commented. "The watches are a prohibited import, but it is almost impossible to stop them pouring into Singapore.

"Look at this watch," he said, pointing to one I had purchased. "It is extremely hard to pick from the real thing unless you examine it closely. And the tragedy for Cartier is that these actually run quite well."

He took a pocket knife, opened the back and showed me the Japanese movement. "The watch fakes that use movements like this run extremely well, and can be factory produced for around three to four dollars. Some even use inexpensive Swiss mechanisms."

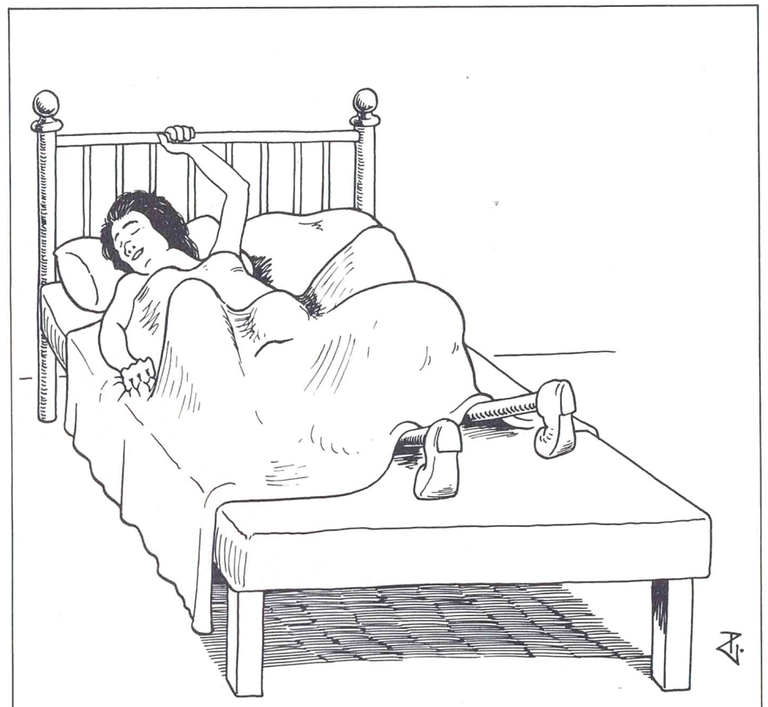
The backs of such watches are sometimes unmarked, but others carry the logo and wording of the genuine products. The reproduction on the watches I purchased was so poor that it was a dead giveaway. The metal straps too, while looking like those on the originals, all had identical closures which bore no resemblance to those on the genuine articles.

The official then showed me other watches that were extremely crude copies of the originals. These were fitted with Taiwanese movements which, he said, rarely had a life expectancy of more than a month. Yet these, like their better quality counterparts we had looked at earlier, sold very well simply because they were associated with the real thing.

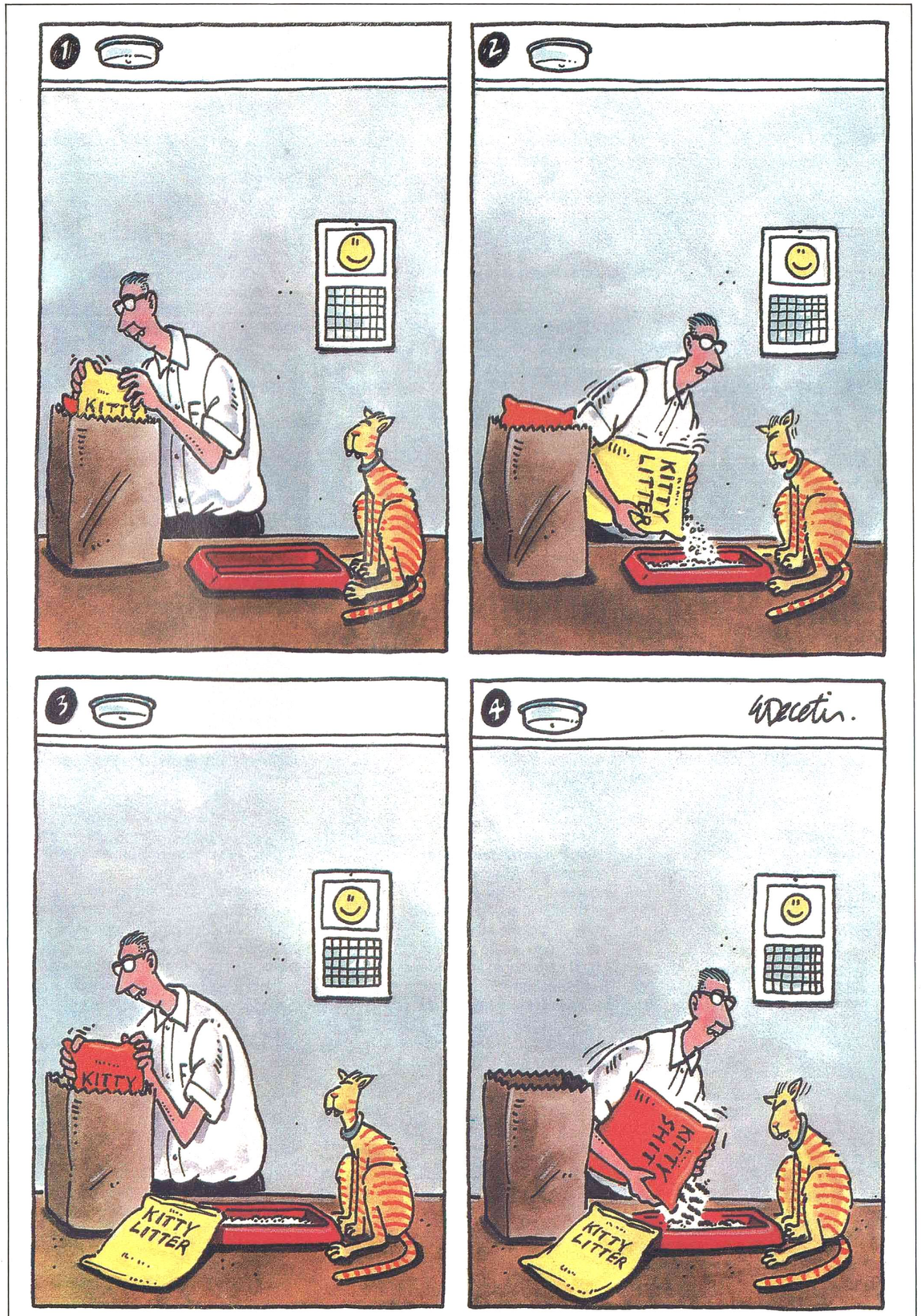
Fake French perfumes we saw in Singapore and Malaysia were of very cheap quality and had no lasting scent elements, but the bottles and packaging were exact replicas of the French originals. We were told, though, that copy perfumes produced in Britain were of a reasonably high standard.

Mr P. H. Hivert, General Manager of the Cartier organisation in Australia, gave examples of the extent of illegal trade in the Cartier name. "Our company currently spends 30 million francs a year on protecting its trademark and its models, and on fighting the international piracy of counterfeiting. The number of law suits against infringements in which Cartier is involved throughout the world has risen to more than 1500 cases.

"In spite of governments like Singapore and Hong Kong now cracking down hard on the counterfeiters, the trade is gigantic," says Hivert. "On Cartier watches alone, our company estimated, as far back



"Oh, Pinocchio . . . lie to me again."



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as 1980, that there were two million false Cartier watches in circulation. When you consider that our company manufactures only 250,000 watches per annum — and that is 25 percent of the world market in luxury watches — the conclusion is terrifying. There were eight times more copies in circulation than there were originals."

Since 1980 Cartier and other manufacturers have waged war on the counterfeiters with litigation, confiscation, law suits and spectacular and well-publicised destructions of the phonies. Yet, while the tide has been stemmed, it has not been stopped completely.

The International Chamber of Commerce says that counterfeits represent approximately three percent of the world's trade — approximately $90 billion. France, the home of many big designer brands of luxury goods, estimates that 50,000 French workers are out of jobs because of the fake trade.

Counterfeiting is not, of course, new. The British Museum has in its collection a First Century BC counterfeit. It is a copy of a Roman vase on to which the Belgian maker had scratched an illiterate scribble to imitate marks found on the Roman originals.

The Prohibition era of the Twenties and Thirties in the States was a boom time for fake liquors. Moonshine made in backyard stills was bootlegged for astronomical prices under the brand labels of Cutty Sark, Johnnie Walker and the like. The extremely high profit margins on the illegal hooch attracted organised crime elements who streamlined production and distribution into a massive industry.

The counterfeit booze racket didn't end with the repeal of Prohibition. In Thailand this year *The Bangkok Post* reported that 324 cartons containing 388 bottles of various liquors being exported to Japan were seized by Japanese customs. The contents were not what the labels claimed them to be.

And organised crime continues to be involved in counterfeiting rackets of all kinds. The Mafia, the IRA, the PLO and underworld groups with close political associations are allegedly funding and reaping huge financial returns from the industry.

As the Singapore official had said, the sad irony for many victims of brand name rip-offs is that the copied products are often of decent quality. While cheap Turkish acrylic copies of Lacoste cotton knitwear may last little longer than a week, some of the Italian reproductions of Gucci, Vuitton and the like are of outstanding quality and finish, and the best of the designer-name watches can last almost as long as the originals without requiring servicing. At the other end of the scale, imitation Ferrodo brakelinings often fail after 100 kms, and fakes can also lead to serious tragedies in other ways. In Ethiopia some years ago, a locust plague caused misery and starvation when the fake insecticide that was being sprayed on to the swarms of insects proved useless.

Virginia Knauer, Special Advisor for Consumer Affairs to the US President, estimates that the value of counterfeit goods sold in the US exceeds 20 billion dollars a year. Alan Clarke, Minister for Trade and Chairman of the EEC Internal Marketing Council believes that within the Common Market the turnover in counterfeit goods in 1986 approached A$100,000 and that as many as 100,000 jobs with name-brand corporations were at risk because of product piracy.

Fighting the scourge is a demanding and often disheartening battle. Different organisations have approached the problem in different ways, with varying degrees of success.

> Fakers are getting more sophisticated, using the latest technology and streamlined production methods

The French Cognac producer Société J.A. Hennessy & Co, who had watched a rising tide of fake Hennessy Cognac being produced in Asia, recently came up with a new security seal, Polaproof II, which self-destructs if any attempt is made to remove it. It carries the Hennessy name and "axe" logo in holographic form (as on credit card logos) and this shows up when it catches the light. "With the introduction of this second-generation technology," says Mr Gilles Hennessy, Director of the organisation, "we are quite confident it will help solve the counterfeiting problem Hennessy has, not only in Thailand but also in other Asian countries."

In 1980, when Cartier found that there were eight times more copies than originals of their watches in circulation, they decided to go on the offensive. Law suits and massive public destructions of counterfeits were instigated. By 1984 only 500,000 counterfeit watches were in circulation — one quarter of the 1980 figure — and the company continues to pursue a vigorous policy of hunting down and prosecuting offenders.

Other smaller organisations sometimes take more direct action. When Bruce Raymond, of Australia's Quiksilver Clothing, heard from tourists that his company's fabric designs had been copied by an Indonesian manufacturer and that phony Quiksilver lines were being sold through almost every clothing shop in Indonesia, he flew there, tracked the source to a factory in Surabaya, and with the aid of local police raided the offending factory and burned the copied cloth.

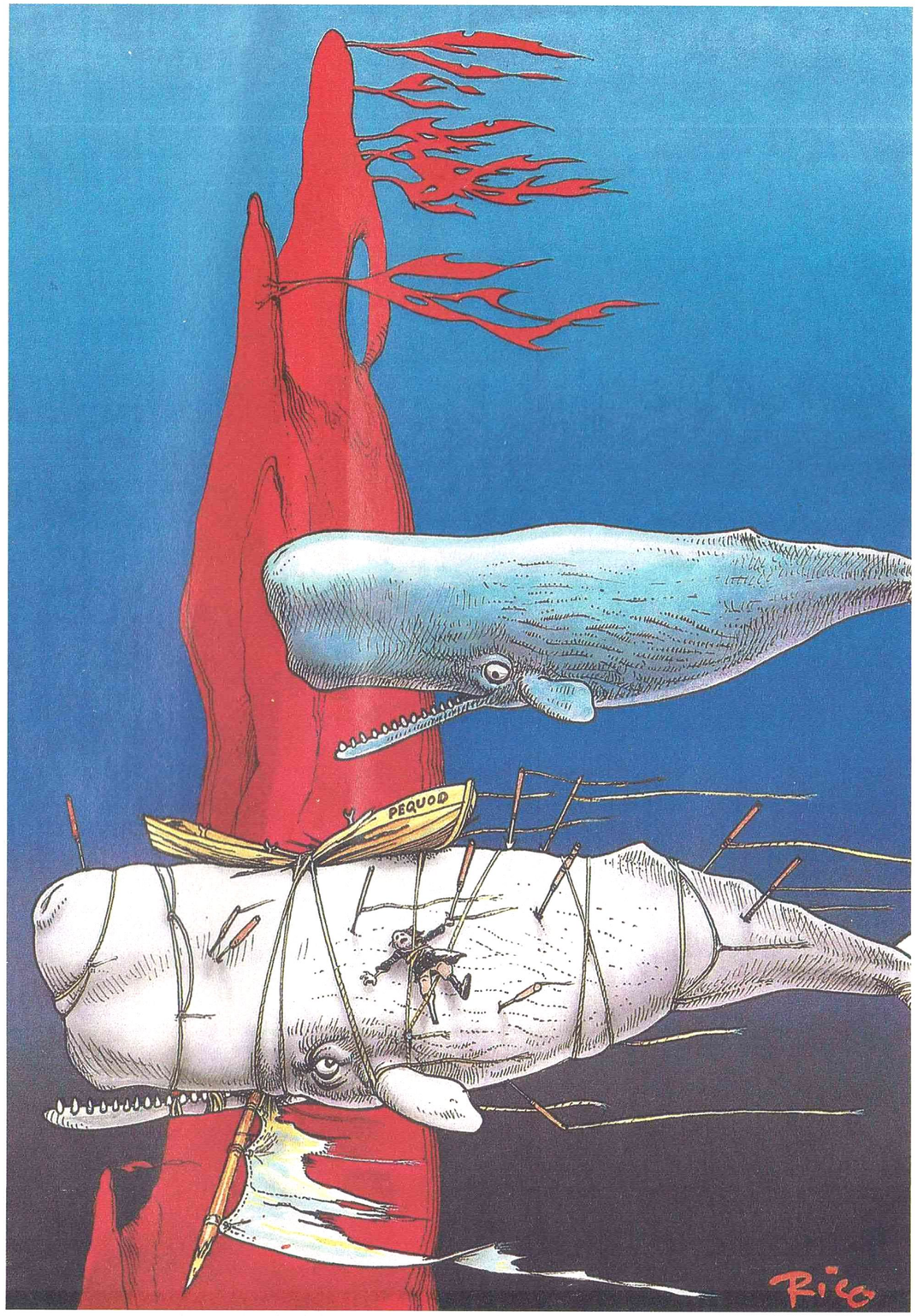
Changes to laws world-wide are also serving to corner the counterfeiters. In the US, under the Trademark Counterfeiting Act of 1984, persons convicted of trading in goods and services they know to bear a phony trademark can be fined US$250,000 and sentenced to five years imprisonment. Corporations are similarly deterred from dealing in fakes under this legislation. In the EEC, new draft legislation is being drawn up. Even in Taiwan, a country where copying was rife, the Government has succumbed to international pressure and is now co-operating in the legal pursuit of counterfeiters.

Only in Korea and in Thailand are Governments blatantly resisting international and corporate pressure to crack down on the trade in fakes. The recent visit to Bangkok by US Vice President Dan Quayle brought strong messages from the US administration that America was not happy with the Thai attitude to copy products. So far the Thais have not reacted.

Corporations who have had their products copied illegally have now banded together, forming the International Anti-Counterfeiting Coalition. This organisation started with 15 members in 1978 and now has over 300 large international corporations in its membership, all with well-known brands and names to protect. Gucci, Polo, Lacoste, Warner Communications, Cartier, Monsanto, Elizabeth Arden, IBM, Alfred Dunhill, Ford, Levi Strauss, Bausch and Lomb, Chrysler . . . the membership list stretches on.

The IACC is endeavoring to make countries refusing to co-operate ineligible for some trade benefits. Taiwan's stricter policing of counterfeit exports to the US is a direct result of the IACC push. The Hong Kong Government, too, is doing its best to stamp out counterfeiters. And in Singapore, two days after my encounter with the fake watch peddlers, newspapers carried the story that several Orchard Road shops that were selling fakes had been raided and their stock seized.

Philip P. Fried, spokesman for the IACC, warns that fakers are getting more sophisticated, using the latest technology and streamlined production methods. The risk of being sold a fake when you think that you are buying the real thing is getting greater and greater. The only way to beat such rip-offs is to purchase from reputable, authorised dealers in whom you have complete confidence, and to carefully check the items you buy.

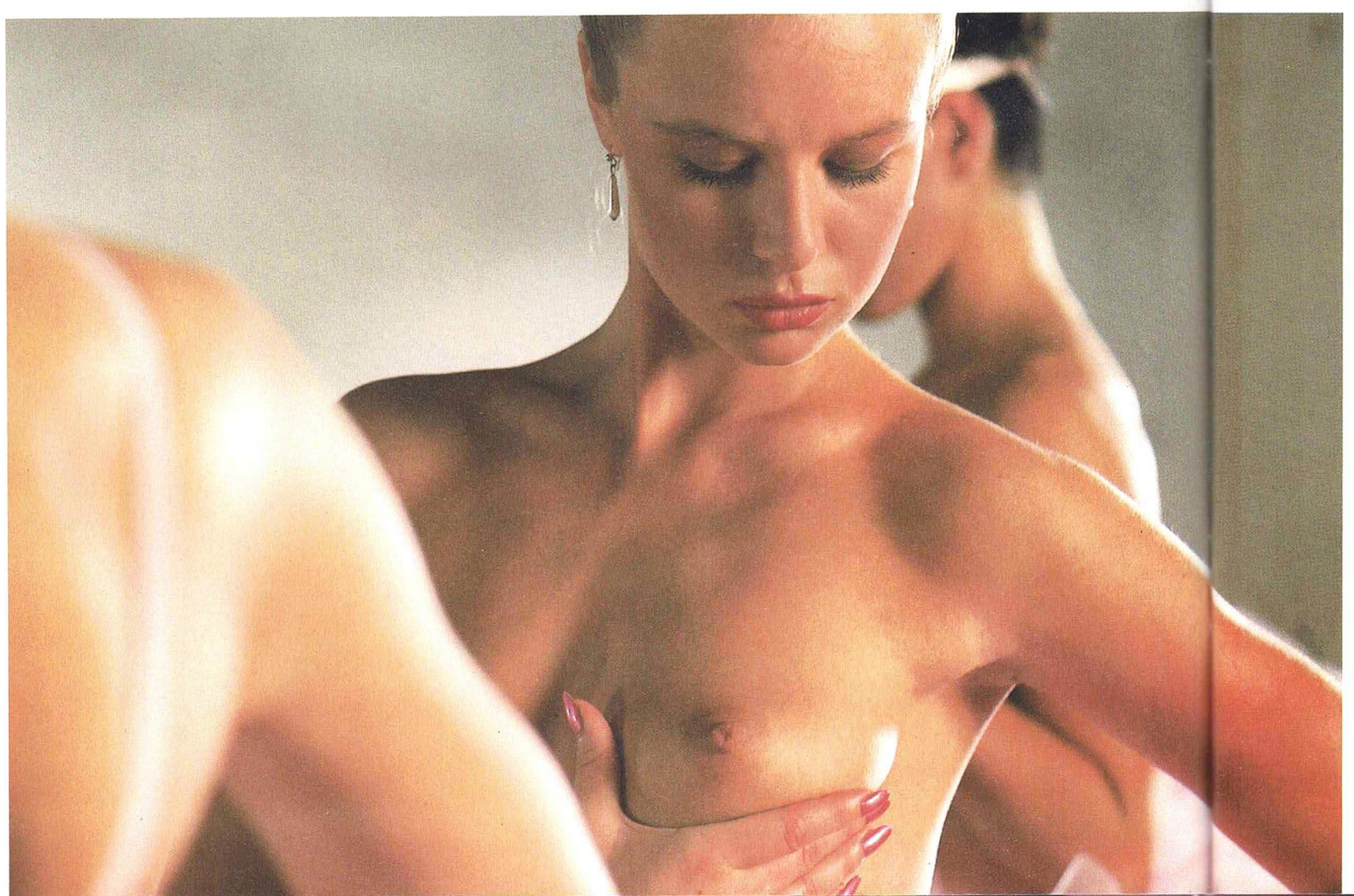


"Have a hard day, dear?"

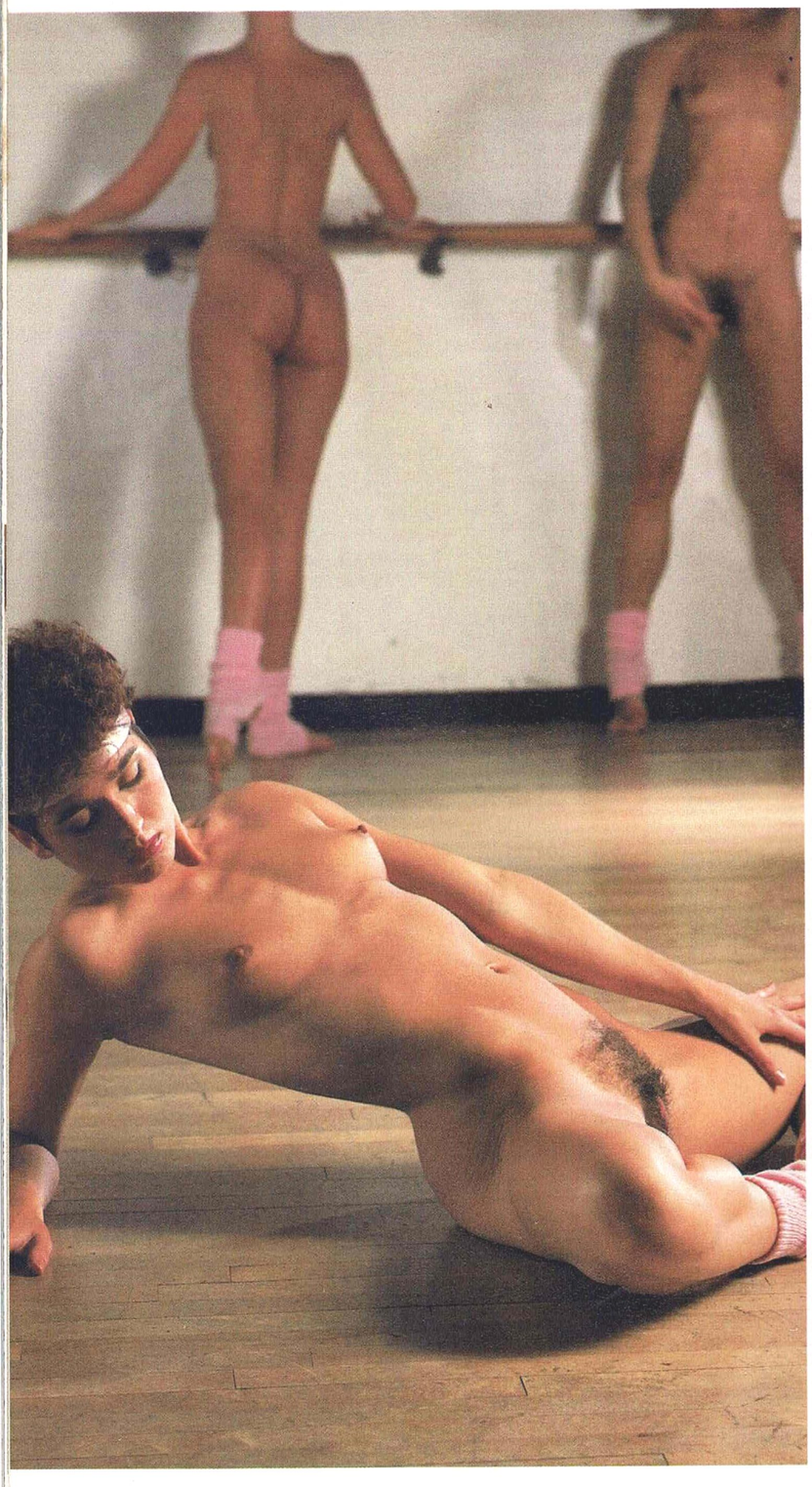
ballerinas

In the world of dance there is a special reverence reserved for the ballerina. Dedicated, sinuous as flowing water, and possessing precision that is only mastered through many years of practice and study, she is the epitome of artistic grace.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE



In this series of photographs, the lensman endeavored to capture at once the uncorrupted elegance and the implied sexuality that make up our image of these fantasy dancers.



The mood is restrained. The bodies of his dance student models are tuned to perfection. They are both athletes and artists. Ballerinas.

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

the mating game

Is corporate copulation the answer for Australia's car industry?

"Mate, I'd never own anything but a Ford," barks the suntanned country bloke in the moleskins. And he emphasises his remarks with a reassuring pat of the blue oval badge proudly mounted on his new four-wheel-drive Maverick. "Had 'em all my life. Broncos, Falcon utes, Fairlanes. Never had anything else. Never will . . ."

Except of course the Nissan he's patting affectionately. Yep, underneath that Ford badging, the Maverick is all Nissan. Designed by Nissan, made by Nissan.

The story above is apocryphal, though easy to believe. We're in a world of model-sharing and cloning — badge-engineering by another name. It's the industry's blueprint; "United We Stand" is the catchcry. It's going on all around the globe, not least in Australia, where the mover and shaker has been Senator John Button, architect of the post-1984 Car Industry Plan.

When Labor came to power, Little Johnny quickly figured that the local industry was a mess, with no show of ever improving. Inefficiency was rife, along with appalling economies of scale, poor production techniques, and all the rest. Too many manufacturers, too many local models.

So Button produced his vision of a Utopian future. The Button Plan called for a gradual reduction in the high level of protection enjoyed by the local industry. The locals, in turn, would share models and componentry, bringing about improved efficiency, higher quality and technology. The bottom line was cheaper, better cars for Australia. All very well in theory . . .

After considerable initial resistance to the good senator's exhortations, the industry swung into line. Today, five years into the Button Plan, the industry is heading in the direction Button intended it to head. However, here's the reality. Our cars are no cheaper and neither are they bolted together any better. And the technical gap between the locals and the imports is wider than ever.

The pricing strategies of the local car makers have raised ire in recent times. Think back to 1986/87, when dramatic international currency shifts forced up the prices of imports. The recommended retail of the local product zoomed upwards right with them. At least this profiteering gave the local manufacturers some cash with which to upgrade plants and therefore improve efficiency.

There is no turning back. Old enemies are leaping into the sack together,

Pages 50 and 51: Holden's Nova and (insert) the Toyota Corolla, twin brothers but for the badges. This page, right: Holden's Barina, a Suzuki in another life; Below: Toyota's family-sized V6 Lexcen and Holden's Commodore — together, the Toyodore, or Commota.

the mating game

humping away purposefully if not entirely contentedly to ensure a chain of auto offspring for the Nineties.

Of the five Australian vehicle manufacturers, only Mitsubishi has elected to go it alone. Ford has a relationship with Nissan; Holden and Toyota are married. Family name: United Australian Automotive Industries.

However, this corporate intimacy is even more complicated than it appears. A few of the lads are sleeping around. Ford sources much of its local line-up from Hiroshima's Mazda. Holden has been getting a bit on the side from Isuzu and Suzuki.

It is surely a sign of the times when Holden, Australia's third-ranked vehicle producer, is forced into a deal with Toyota, second in the pecking order. Their still-uncomfortable unification has already produced a rash of shared models. Early into the second half of 1989, Holden began selling versions of the Toyota Corolla under the Nova nomenclature. The differences between the two brands were not significant. Certainly the Holden design team hardly raised a sweat.

Yet, back a decade ago, when the cloning bit began in earnest, the car makers seemed desperately keen to camouflage the inter-company connections.

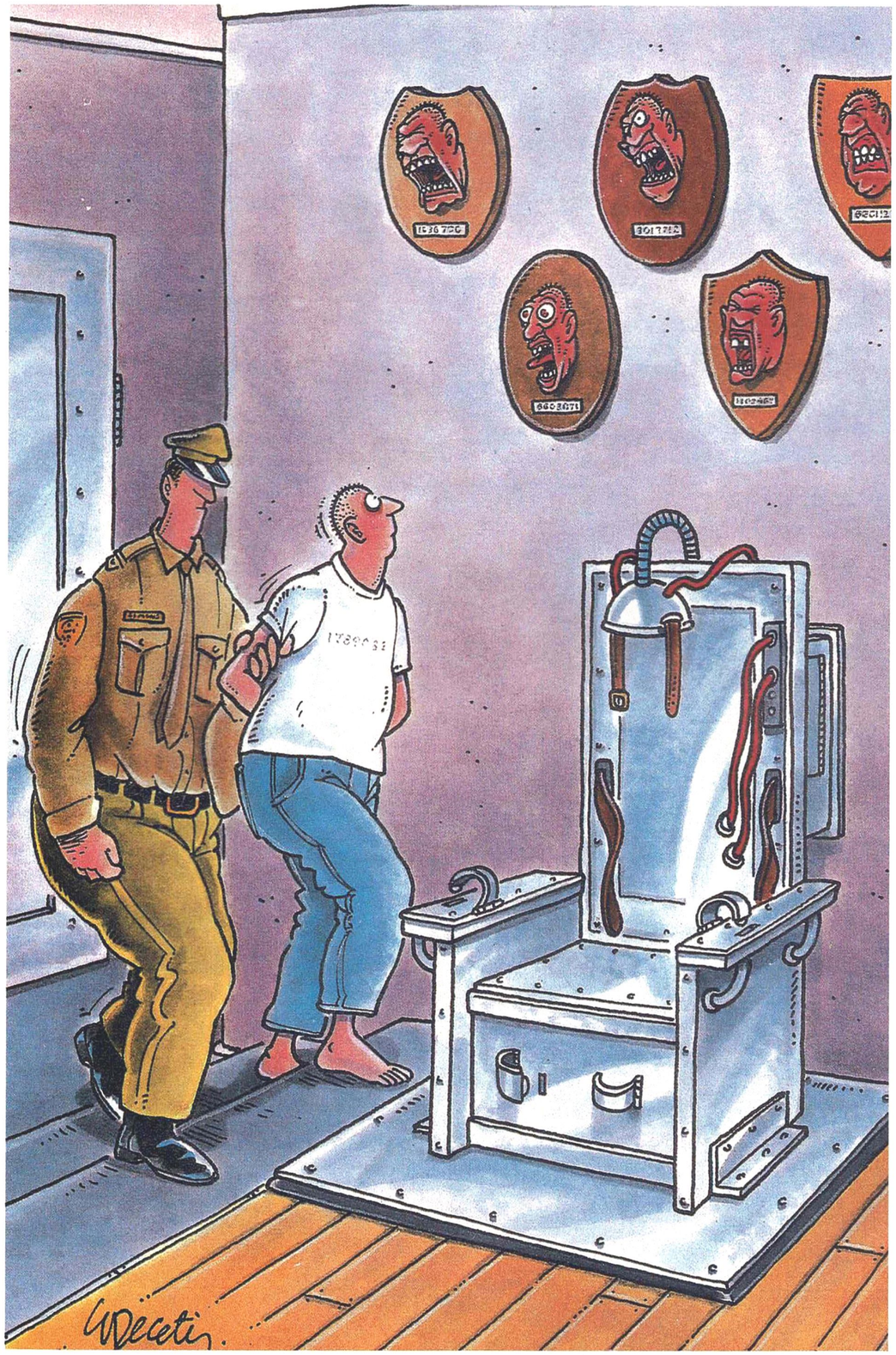
Superficially, the first Ford Laser, for instance, looked quite different to the Mazda 323, the car from which it was derived. Mechanically, there was little between the imported Mazda and the locally-built Ford, but some clever sheet-metal reworking and interior changes kept many consumers in the dark.

Today, the manufacturers do bugger-all to make their rebadged cars much different. The lightest of cosmetic touches highlights a growing physical identity problem which on evidence disappears under the weight of full-bore, big-buck marketing campaigns. The hard media sell brings the perceived distinctions.

Such is the power of the Hard Sell that much of Australia will not accept what their eyes must tell them. They're bossaNova-ing into a Holden showroom to check out the General's small car, quite oblivious to its uncanny resemblance to the Corolla in the Toyota dealership across the street. "I'm buying a Nova instead of a Corolla because it has more room inside," one lady shopper told an astonished Toyota white shoe. (The models are, of course, identical).

Holden has also popped a mid-sized family four into the spot vacated by the unloved Camira. This is the Apollo, nee Camry. Same deal. Superficial changes to grille, trim. Slap on Holden badges and

Continued on page 134



BY JOHN BAXTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS AND KELVIN JONES

When the history of sex in Australia in the Sixties is written, there ought to be a footnote detailing an incident known in legend as "The Blue Movie Meeting."

In the summer of 1968, Canberra was censoring everything from Harold Robbins' trashy novel *The Carpetbaggers* to class movies like *A Blonde In Love*.

A Sydney university lecturer called a meeting. His purpose: to attack censorship frontally. *Full*-frontally. His protest was to be nothing less than a pornographic movie, produced by and starring the cream of Sydney's radical society.

The meeting convened one warm Saturday morning at the academic's Paddington home.

Can an X-rated video star become a legitimate mainstream actor? Ginger Lynn Allen may be the first to pull it off.

Present were writers and critics of both sexes, and a Prominent Underground Film-Maker. After chili and rough red were passed around by the lecturer's ravishing companion (an occasional star of underground films), the film-maker read a brief outline of a possible script.

His vision was . . . well, lavish. Crinolines were called for. Suits of armor. A donkey. And a vast empty beach as a background. It was Norman Lindsay meets Cecil B. DeMille, and the struggling Australian film industry wasn't in the race.

"Isn't this a bit *ambitious*?" someone asked after the ensuing silence. "Surely all we really need is a few people, a camera and some lights. And we've got the people right here. Right?"

Around the room, nervous glances were exchanged.

"So the real question," someone else contributed, "is this: who wants to be seen fucking on film?"

For a long moment, you could have heard a G-string drop. Then, with dignity, the Prominent Underground Filmmaker rose, stripped off his cords and roll-neck, swept up the academic's companion in his arms and carried her to the bed at the end of the room. The rest is history — and quite a bit of biology.

Of course, the blue movie never got made (more than can be said for most of the women at the meeting) and the question that triggered the orgy was left unanswered.

It's unanswered still. Who *does* want to be seen fucking on film?

Ironically, we know more about the people who watch erotic videos than about those who appear in them. *Adult Video News*, the field's trade magazine, found that 60 percent of all American video stores carry sexually explicit films, which account for a whopping 20.5 percent of those stores' total income. The breakdown of borrowers is even more surprising. Mostly single men in dirty raincoats? Wrong. Thirty-three percent are rented by male/female couples. After that come men alone (26 percent), women alone (21 percent), male couples (12 percent) and female couples (8 percent).

But just what kind of people make these films? What personal attributes lead you to strip naked,

out of the blue

out of the blue

and then, on "Action", step under the lights and perform — often with perfect strangers — the sort of acts usually reserved for close personal friends in the privacy of home?

Few people are better qualified to answer that question than Ginger Lynn Allen. If you've seen any adult films at all, you've almost certainly seen Ginger. (Two years ago, she visited Australia as a persuasive advocate of more liberal treatment of erotic videos by Canberra.) In her two-year adult movie career, she appeared in 69 of them. ("No pun intended," she insists.) By the end of the first year, she was casting all her own films. During the second year, she produced 14 of them herself, and wrote five.

She agreed to talk exclusively to *Australian Penthouse* about the how and why of pornographic movies.

Ginger Lynn is a phenomenon. X-rated stars like Barbii, Aja, Laurel Canyon, and Hyapatia Lee are mostly ex-strippers or beauty queens. They tend to share certain characteristics: tall, slim, languid, with a stripper's haughty stare. In this company, Ginger stands out. For one thing, she's tiny — less than 160cm. She was never a stripper and, before the start of her X-rated career, never even appeared professionally on stage. Unlike her competitors, she's giggly, bubbly, blonde and bright. Schoolgirl training as a gymnast shows in her ability to assume positions we amateurs attempt only at risk of serious injury.

Three years ago last February 11 — a date she remembers with superstitious accuracy — Ginger finished her last erotic movie. Today she's a straight actress, with non-nude performances in 12 mainstream pictures to her credit, including a leading role in the upcoming *Hollywood Boulevard II* for producer Roger Corman, and more on the way. But it goes without saying that she hasn't forgotten her roots in the film business — and again, no pun intended.

Tucked away in a wooded canyon running up into the hills above Hollywood, the home of agent Ruth Webb is the kind of house where X-rated films are often shot — roomy, old-fashioned, secluded. Ginger roars up, fashionably late and feverishly flushed from her karate class. Pert in a green and black spandex mini, she's articulate, funny, self-assured, but with a flinty glint behind the Barbie-doll bouffant and automatic smile. In the lounge room, with Webb's associate agent placed just within earshot to field any crass questions, we launch tentatively into her life story with the oldest question of all: what *was* a nice girl like her doing in a job like this?

The answer is complicated and starts long ago and far away from Hollywood. When the 19-year-old Ginger Lynn Allen left the Illinois town of Rockford for California in 1982, thoughts of a career in pornography were far from her mind. She managed a Rockford record shop, and the owners had offered her a tempting job as boss of their Los Angeles branch.

Apparently she had never been sexually precocious. She remembers, at 13, being cast in a school play that required her to kiss the boy at the end. "In rehearsals, I would just say: 'Here's where we kiss.' But at the actual performance, I wouldn't kiss him and ran off, crying. He was the cutest boy in school and I had a crush on him, but I was embarrassed to kiss him in front of my parents and all the kids in school."

For the successful, porn is an extremely profitable business. A top director like Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard) turns out 40 films a year, and performers of stamina, by working single days or even hiring on for individual scenes, can earn six figures annually.

Ginger likes money. No doubt about that: it's a motif running through all her conversation. Money got her moving to Hollywood in the first place and, once she was in Los Angeles, the smallness of her salary as a shop manager convinced her she had to change her job. "I found out quickly that I couldn't live at the beach on that kind of money." Looking for sources of quick cash, she answered a newspaper advertisement for figure models.

Ads like the one she answered still appear in LA's lifestyle weeklies. Most are baits for adult video appearances. But in Ginger's case the agency, *World Modelling*, also handled magazine work.

Ginger says she'd never posed nude before. "But my parents had raised me in a very open environment. *Penthouse* magazines were around the house, and nudity was never something bad or taboo. I'd thought since childhood that the women in the magazines were beautiful. I wanted to be like that, to be able to pose for a magazine and have people look at me and think that *I* was beautiful."

Soon Ginger was earning $1500 a day as a figure model. The experience could have been sleazy: for every *Penthouse* there are a hundred grimy rip-offs. "My stereotype of the glamor nude photographer was probably the same as the rest of the world has," she says. "But these people — Suze Randall and Stephen Hicks and Ed Holzman — they were good-looking and friendly and intelligent."

So how did she migrate from the relatively chaste world of men's magazines to X-rated videos? Ginger remembers the process well, and the semantic misunderstanding that began it. She'd been modelling for some months when an agent asked if she was interested in doing "commercials." Not realising that "commercial" is X-rated movie shorthand for a sex scene, Ginger enthusiastically agreed. "I'm from Illinois," she grins, "and I'm going, 'Toothpaste. Yeah!' When I found out what they really meant, I said: 'I'll *never* do that. I'm not that kind of girl'."

And she kept refusing — for six months. She might, she says, have continued to do so had she not walked into the agency one day and seen a beautiful auburn-haired girl in a Victorian gown, reading a script. "She had the big white hat, the umbrella, the cigarette, the whole thing," Ginger says, awed to this day. "And she was an X-rated actress!"

Ginger remembers the girl's name as Jacqueline Laurians, but it was probably Laurien Dominique, another mid-western girl who made her reputation in erotic films like *The Budding of Brie*. Whatever the apparition's name, Ginger was mesmerised. "I thought: 'This girl is beautiful. She's intelligent. She's not wearing a miniskirt and fishnets.' So I took her to lunch and picked her brain for everything I could find out about 'commercials'."

The most significant thing she learned was how much more money could be made in X-rated video than magazines. But Dominique warned Ginger not to sell herself cheap. "She said: 'Go in there, tell them how much you want, and stick to it. Once you back away from what you think you're worth, that's what people will think you're worth. You can pick and choose your path in this business if you're intelligent and pretty enough'."

Ginger made her decision. She went back to the agent and agreed to appear in movies — but at a very high price. Initially, producers laughed in her face, calling her a spoilt brat and a prima donna. But finally producers David and Svetlana Marsh saw her potential. "Okay," they said. "We'll pay your price. You're the lead in the film. You choose your leading man. You're working for two weeks in Hawaii."

Faced with the reality of an X-rated career, Ginger briefly lost her nerve. She'd never stripped in public before, let alone on film. She hadn't acted since school, and had never taken an acting lesson in her life. She'd seen only one X-rated movie — *The Tale Of Tiffany Lust*, with Vanessa del Rio. Except for her own, it's still the only adult film she's seen.

So why do it? A toughness enters Ginger's small, sharp face; the giggly little girl from Rockford is replaced by a wised-up lady who's seen and done a lot in her 26 years. "It was quick money," she says tersely. "It was good sex. You could choose your hours." Like Dudley Moore in *Arthur* — the boozy millionaire who, asked what he does for a living, replies: "I get drunk and fondle beautiful women, but I have weekends off and I am my own boss."

But aside from the money, there were other impulses. Exhibitionism, for instance, and an urge for excitement. "I like things that make my heart beat faster," she says. "I like things I get nervous about. At Magic Mountain [a theme park near Los Angeles], we have a ride called 'Free Fall.' You drop ten storeys in three seconds. I go on it ten times in a row. That was the feeling I got from making adult movies. I was always nervous — but I turned my nervousness into excitement, and into energy."

Like most performers, however, Ginger had first-night nerves. "I started to think:

on video, not film, they demand less sophisticated sound and lighting equipment. Many are shot in private homes. Ginger's debut took place in a Santa Monica flat owned by a woman called Cookie. There was something cosy, almost domestic about the experience. Cookie bustled around, tidying up, as Ginger's nails and hair were done. She was introduced to her co-star, Tom Byron, and immediately felt better. "Tom's my age, and he's sweet and young and healthy. He said: 'Well, where're you from?', like it was a date. And he *made* it like a date. At the back of my mind, I *knew* what was supposed to happen at the end of it, but he was so nice and sweet and charming it made it a very natural thing, and it just happened. It was a very warm experience for me, my first time."

The producers took Ginger off to Hawaii in full confidence of her abilities. Such confidence that while they were about it, they made two films instead of one. Within three months of her debut, Ginger was voted Best Actress, Best Female Performer Of The Year and Best New Star by her X-rated peers. By the time she quit, two years later, she'd earned 24 nominations and won six more Best Actress Awards.

The "commercials" came easier with practice — but Ginger was less happy with the dialogue scenes which so-called "directors" usually rushed through, hurrying to the next sweaty encounter. She enrolled with acting coach Alan Landers at the Studio of Performing Arts. It was a revelation. "I was up on the stage, doing plays. Then I'd go to the movie set and they'd hand me my script and I'd just talk. I needed more."

What made all this bearable was the money. Ginger was now a top X-rated star, earning a star's salary. "Most people would hire me for one day. That was all they could afford. Sometimes for a single scene. I had a good time. I liked it." No qualms that what she was doing? "You want to laugh, you see a comedy. You want to cry, you see a drama. You want to get turned on, you see an adult movie."

out of the blue

'What am I doing? I have to take off my clothes and have sex in front of people. I can't do this.' I was crying, and I was all upset. I said: 'I don't want to get to Hawaii and realise I can't do it.' So I did a short film."

Now that most X-rated productions are

But what was this doing to Ginger Lynn Allen? Could she separate the girl from Illinois from the lascivious star of her films? Didn't she worry that her family and friends would see her on screen and be shocked? Ginger says she simply dismissed that possibility. "I never thought anyone would know I did it," she says ingenuously. "I thought, 'I'm blonde now. Nobody's going to know it's me. This is Ginger Lynn, not Ginger Allen.' It was stupid. I never looked ahead. I never imagined that I would become so well known so quickly — or at all."

By the end of her first year in adult video, the acting lessons were starting to have their effect. Ginger claims that by then she was directing almost all her own "commercial" scenes. As her ability to control her work increased, she hired her own writer, Penny Antine, aka "Raven Touchstone." She also found a director she liked, Bruce Seven, and worked with him a lot. And she favored the same leading men: Jerry Butler, Tom Byron and Harry Reems.

Ginger is loyal to old colleagues, but she doesn't minimise the sleaze element of the business. She has little respect for the other female performers in the industry: "The women look on themselves as starlets. They really want to be at the Academy Awards, not the Adult Film Critics' Awards." She only walked out once on a film, and the provocation was obviously extreme. "I had a lot of wonderful times and I had a lot of . . . growing experiences, which weren't always the best experiences in the world. There were times when I laughed and times when I cried.

"There are very few people who should really be in the adult industry. It takes a certain frame of mind. You have to like yourself, like what you're doing — otherwise it's the biggest mind-fuck in the world. You have to defend yourself all the time."

Against what? "The stereotype image most people put on you; friends who don't understand, lovers . . . I get recognised a lot of places I go. Most of the time the response is very positive, because people who watch my films — well, if they didn't like them, they wouldn't watch them. But there are people who don't watch them, who know who I am, who don't understand. It scares them."

Almost two years into her career, Ginger at 23 felt burned out. By this time she was studying with prestigious coach Milton Katselas, and finding real acting an attractive option. And X-rated film "wasn't fun any more. I'd played every character and done so many films. There just wasn't any place else to go. I wanted to be a character for more than two days. I wanted to create something and be involved in all the little details, and there aren't any [in adult video]."

The trigger for change was her romance with photographer Ed Holzman. In 1983 they fell in love, moved in together, and are together still. The relationship changed everything. "I can be in love and play any character," says Ginger, "but to be in love and play a character who's physically making love to someone else messed with my mind. I couldn't do it. I'm a one-man kind of girl. I got my man; that's it. To have a *simulated* love scene — that's one thing. But to actually make love to another person — it wasn't right for me."

After the decision to leave came the long haul towards a "legitimate" career in film. It was a track X-rated stars have tried before, but seldom with any success. Marilyn Chambers did a few non-sex roles but these days she's mainly a businesswoman. And Traci Lords is making a splash with appearances in the horror film *Out Of This World* and now *Cry Baby*, with another tabloid renegade, kidnapped heiress Patty Hearst. *Vanity Fair* published an optimistic estimate of Lords' chances. "No actress," it said, "has successfully crossed over from hard-core to Hollywood films before, but in Lords' favor are her age — she's still just 21 — and the fact that the stigmata aren't quite what they used to be."

Ginger could give Tracy some lessons on the problems she faces. For her, the first was getting an agent. Ginger followed thousands of hopefuls who mail out glossy portraits and neat resumés to every agent in town. Most agencies toss blind submissions into the waste basket. But a house guest of Ruth Webb, who's specialised in marginal performers (the much-retreaded Mickey Rooney is a client), noticed Ginger's picture and pointed out that this ingenue at least had proved she could rivet an audience.

Webb took her on, and a trickle of auditions began. "In my first year out of adult films, curiosity brought me into a lot of places. People wanted to meet Ginger Lynn. I was offered a lot of things as the girl who had two or three lines and would take her top off. That wasn't what I wanted to do. So I turned down everything the first year.

"It took a long time to get choices. The first film where I got to read for a lead role was called *Wild Man*. I walked in and there was one of my favorite directors of adult films. I'd never worked for him but I'd always like him. His name's Freddy Lincoln. I said: 'What are you doing here?' and he said: 'What are *you* doing here?' Freddy cast me as one of the three leading ladies in the film. And since then, the roles haven't stopped. Three weeks between films is a long time now. And the roles are getting bigger and better and more colorful, and the budgets are getting bigger."

But Ginger is still a long way from gaining the Hollywood establishment's acceptance. The stigmata of the porn world aren't quite as easy to eradicate as *Vanity Fair* likes to think. Ginger found fellow performers on *Hollywood Boulevard II* "quite ignorant. They didn't relate to me as one of their fellow actors."

Occasionally she's nostalgic for the easy X-rated world and its camaraderie. "In the adult industry, you had nothing to hide. Legitimate actors a lot of the time are very caught up in image. They're not real people. They don't sit down and talk to you and be who they are. They're always pretending to be something.

"It's going to be a long hard road for me, but I'm not going to give up, and all the people who don't know me and don't take the time to know me — I can't let that bother me. I know what I want. It's tough sometimes. But I'll get there." Not many have come in through the back door. It's nice to think that Ginger Lynn Allen could make it happen.

HUMOR BY STEPHEN PIGGOT

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY.

When I was a small boy, my dad had a big red book called *The Readers' Digest Book Of Strange Stories And Amazing Facts*. It was big and red, I was small and pale, and some of those stories scared the willies out of me.

There was a beauty about faces appearing spontaneously on someone's kitchen floor. Apparently the house was built on top of a medieval cemetery and the faces were the tortured souls of the dead who had popped up for a cup of tea. The worst thing was the photograph — these guys really were hideous, ghostly, tortured souls. Imagine a combination of Kerry Packer and Charles Bronson, and then hit it in the face with a shovel. Yes, *that* ugly.

Anyway, this sort of thing — as well as numerous poltergeists, assorted headless horsemen and tales of phantoms lurking in bedrooms — this was enough to wreak havoc on a young mind already addled by adolescence, algebra and girlie magazines. Could it all be true? Did the Devil walk on Earth? Were there aliens in the White House? Was Bob Dyer proof of life after death?

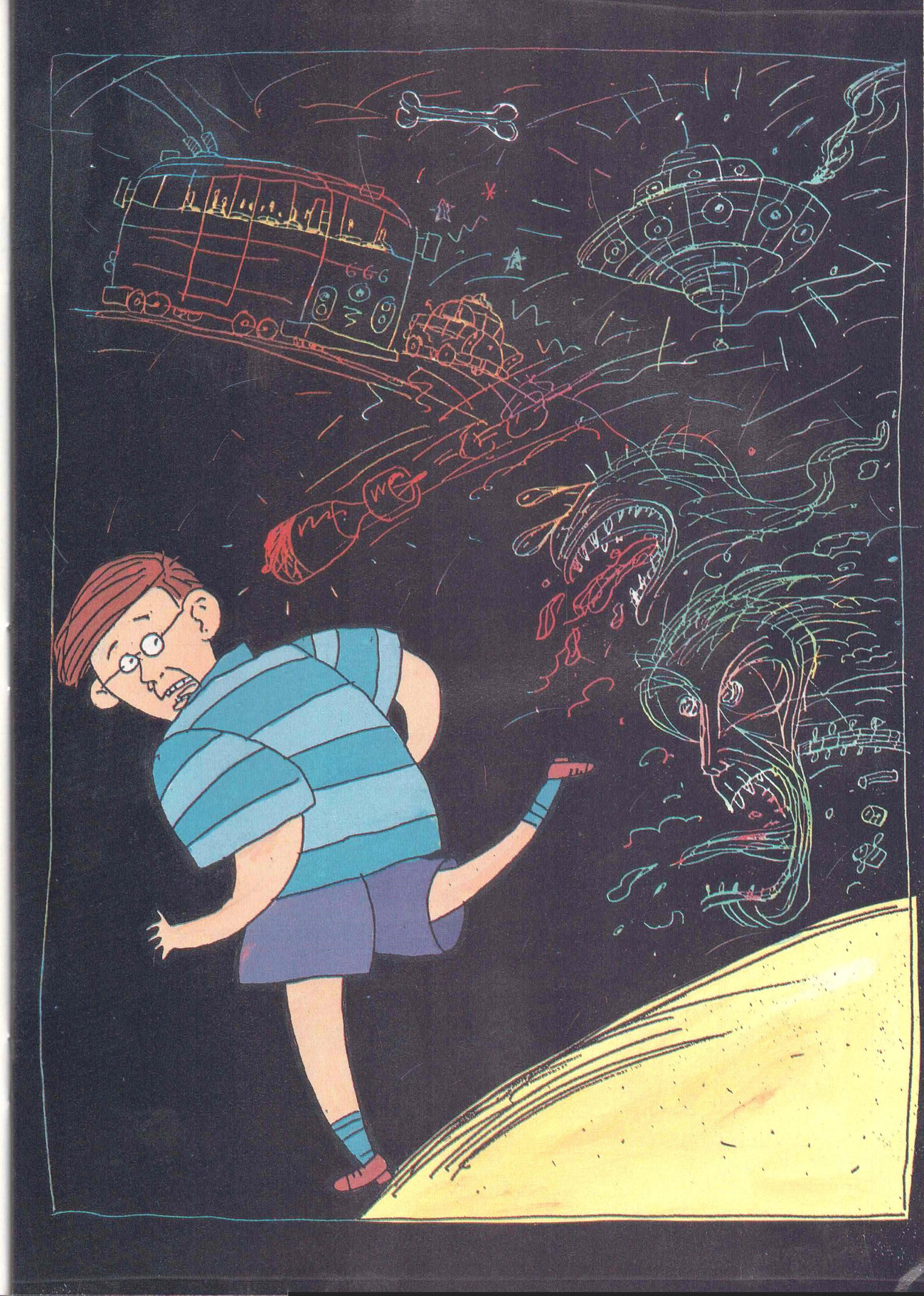
Paranoid as most humans are, people still tend to think of the supernatural as either: (a) the reason why the car breaks down on the freeway at 5pm on a Friday in the pissing rain; or (b) Philip Adams' living room. But is there any truth behind these mysteries? It's time someone straightened this thing out . . .

UFOs AND ALIENS

In August 1958, Lyle Grunter, a 48-year-old potato farmer from Pigshit, Ohio, mysteriously disappeared while working on his tractor. Seven days later, he turned up dressed in a silver tracksuit and covered with green slime. Confused and dazed, Grunter claimed to have

Hang on to your warp factors. You are now entering . . .

THE TWILIGHT ZONE



been kidnapped by aliens in a spaceship "bigger'n my Pappy's Buick." The aliens perfomed tests on him and experimented with his mind.

"Darn right," he told a local newspaper. "These little guys just set down in front of me and took me. They were green and uglier 'n a hatful of assholes. I went in their spaceship and they asked me all these weird Commie questions an' put things on my head. But I can't remember nothin'. Am I gettin' paid?"

FBI investigations later revealed that Grunter had indeed disappeared, but with his brother-in-law Bob, who took him to Las Vegas to get drunk.

Years later, in 1974, Mrs Ethel Smudge of England rang the police and the air force in a blind panic, claiming that aliens had landed and had set up "two giant, yellow doorways to the evil universe." Police arrived to find a new McDonalds restaurant being built across the street.

OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES

People's spirits are supposed to be leaving their bodies all the time. In some cases, they just hover above the body or stand a metre to the left to avoid queues. In other reported cases, the spirit actually leaves the room and can travel hundreds of kilometres. No-one has adequately explained why the spirit, or inner being, would want to leave the body, unless of course the body in question belongs to Russ Hinze.

Melbourne taxi driver Arthur Globule has documented dozens of cases of his own out-of-body experiences. "One day I was watching Ray Martin on the tele when I felt my spirit leave my body and go into the kitchen," he said. "It was away for about ten minutes, but I think it was just making a cup of tea.

"Another time, my spirit left the house altogether and went to the movies. It took my wallet too, the bastard."

Once, Mr Globule's body left his spirit. But unfortunately, it was while driving his taxi. His spirit, not used to Melbourne traffic, crashed into a tram.

Footnote: Spirit transference also seems to have its more practical uses. German businessman Willie Fuch's spirit spent the whole of 1963 in Liechtenstein for tax purposes.

GHOSTS AND PHANTOMS

Now, these buggers are the *really* spooky ones. Who can say he hasn't woken up with a crushing pressure on his chest, a pounding in his head and a dry, rasping voice that moans, as if from the grave? This is an example of the wrong type of spirit. An aspirin, a Berocca and a long shower will exorcise that particular demon.

No, I'm talking about the creeping half-corpse outside the window, the shadowy spectre in the hallway. Who can honestly say he hasn't felt a terrifying chill on entering a particular room? Who hasn't seen a face at the window — a dead face straight from Hell? Who hasn't heard footsteps and rattling chains on the stairs late at night? I haven't, thank God, but some nutters have.

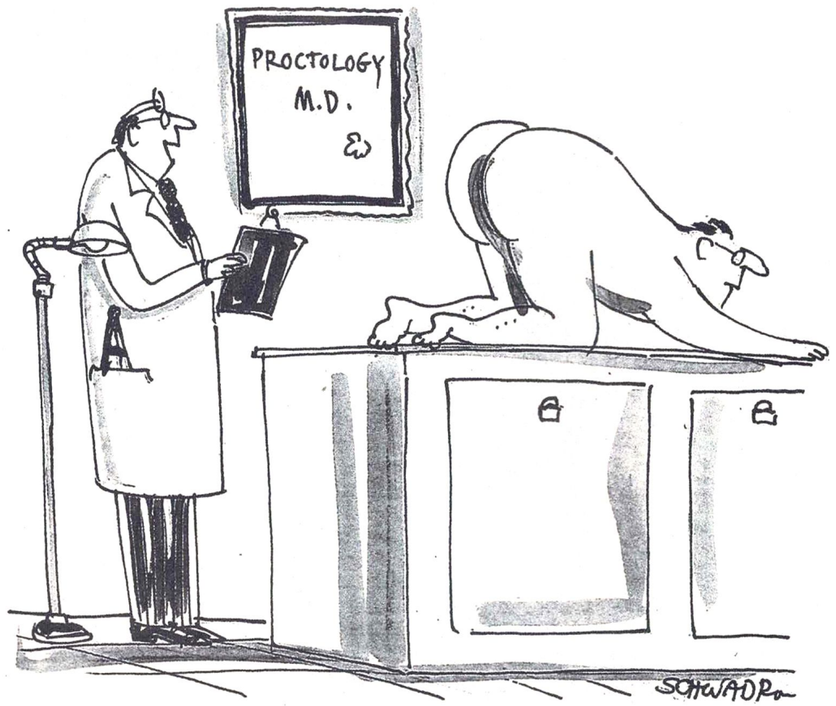
Dr Elliot P. Frogbiter, a professor at the Sydney University Really Weird Things Faculty and author of the best-selling book *A Hundred And One Things To Say To A Dead Person*, relates the following case:

Polish factory hand Lech Cnzchwznsky awoke in his flat in Gdansk one night to find a shadowy figure floating two or three feet above the floor. Terrified, Lech listened as the ghost explained that it was only his brother, Ivan, and asked if he could use the phone. Ivan had drowned two years earlier in a vat of gruel.

The ghost told Lech that the afterlife was quite pleasant, although not unlike Warsaw on a Sunday. He said many of his friends and relatives were there, which would have been a real pain in the arse if he'd had one.

Dr Frogbiter has also reported that seances and trances were a common way of summoning the dead; however, amateurs often got hold of the wrong ones —

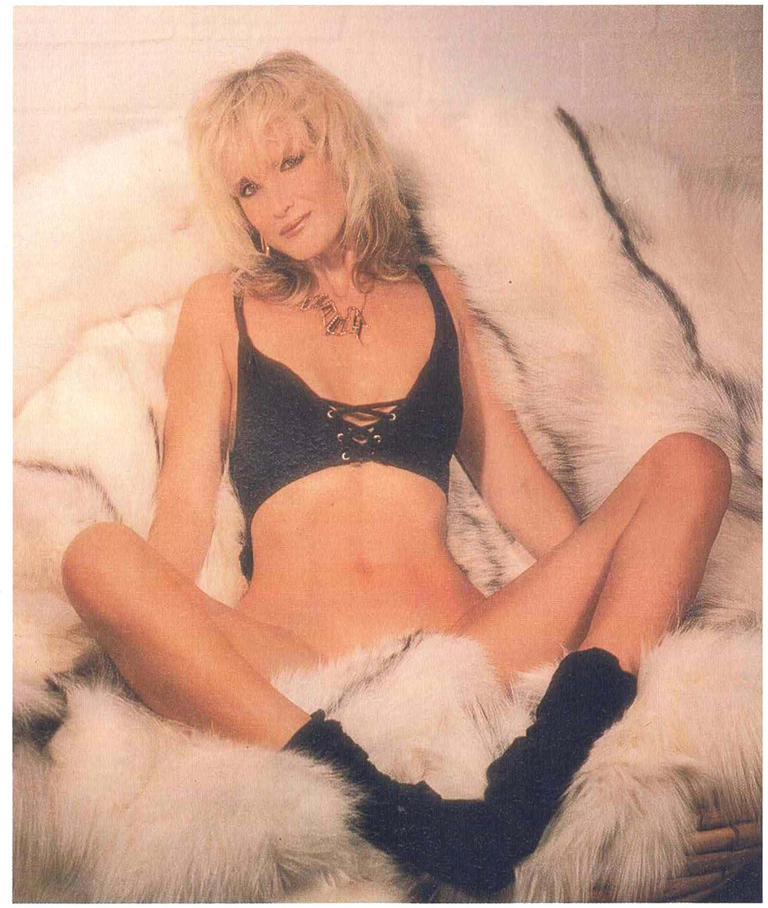
Continued on page 144



"You're looking much better, Mr. Hanrahan. I see the color is back in your cheeks."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

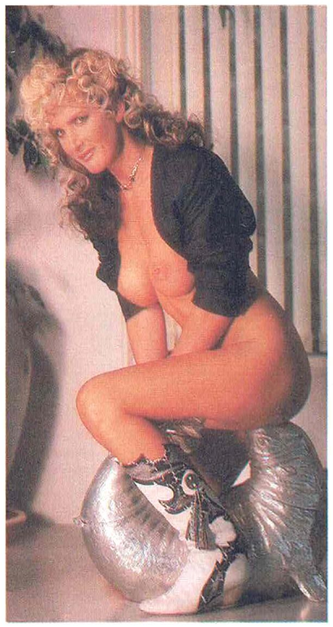
Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Fur coat and stole by Bernard Hammerman Furs, King St, Sydney; Jewellery by Wendy Manzo At The Hilton, Sydney; Swimwear and black and gold two-piece dress by Running Bare, (02) 319 2722; Black body stocking, bolero jacket and tulle skirt by Rodd Alexander, (02) 958 6314.



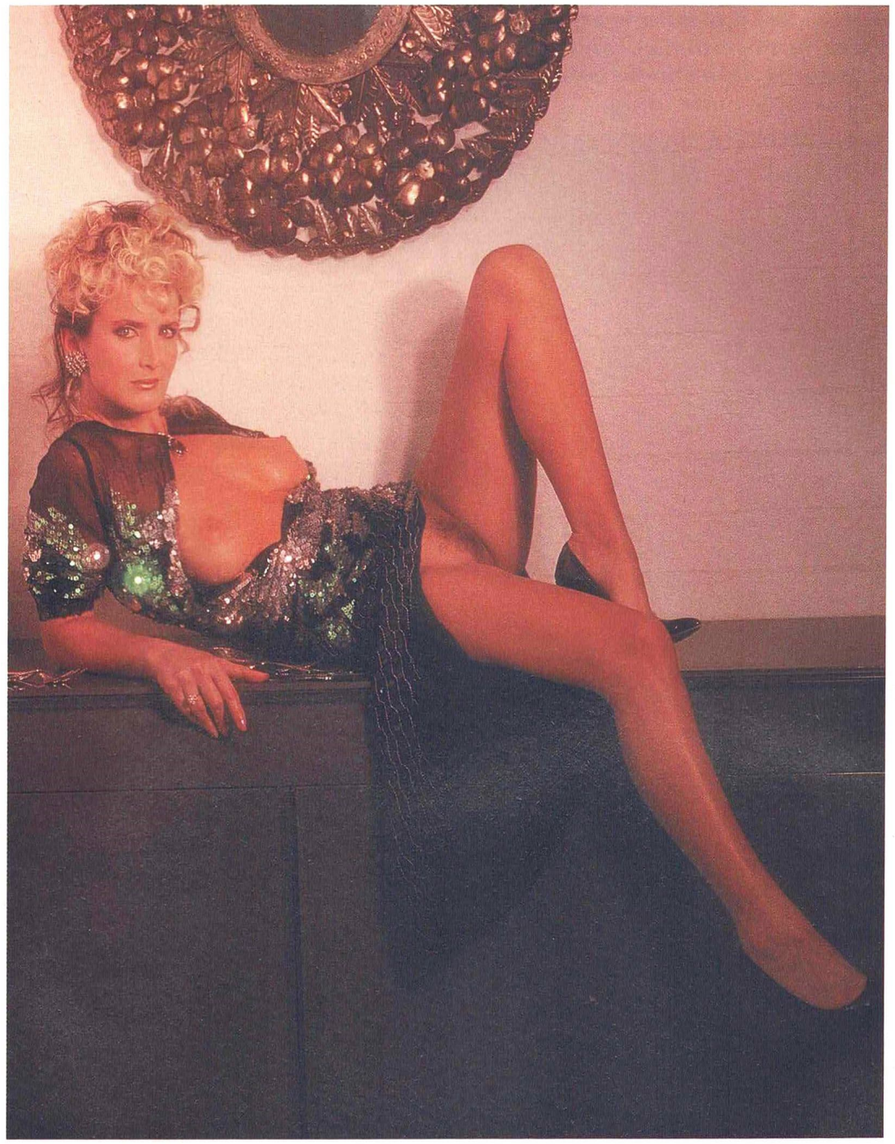
danielle

THE HIGH LIFE

Danielle Richards, 25, is a femme fatale with an infallible sense of style. The



luxury setting chosen for her *Penthouse* debut suits her taste for the "high life." Danielle appreciates a man who knows how to wine and dine her. "I'm not the kind of girl men take to McDonalds or Harry's Cafe De Wheels."



Danielle is based in Sydney but admits to an insatiable travel-lust. Her international modelling career has already given her the opportunity to explore England, Europe and Asia. She enjoys new men as much as new countries. "Right now I don't like being tied down to one man. Variety, for me, is the spice of life."

Danielle is accustomed to the glare of the spotlight. As a model she is in demand in several continents. Her face may already be familiar from Grace Brothers catalogues and countless commercials for products from Coke to Dencorub. Her appearance in *Penthouse* is certainly a long way from clothing catalogues. "I like nudity and I think the exposure should help push my career," she says of her first nude foray.

Danielle's ideal man is someone who knows how to pamper her and keep her in the style to which she's accustomed. "Someone with a sense of humor and nice personality, who doesn't try and tie me down too much."

BY TONY HEALY
PHOTOS BY ROBIN HODGKINSON/RAPPORT

CONDITION RED

500 men who wear the Red Beret form the front line of Australia's defence

There you are, sitting cramped in a noisy steel box with 60 other nervous blokes, when the doors screech open and there's green scenery outside — 800 feet below, though — and cold air suddenly blasting in.

You all stand up, lashed about with canvas straps and buckles and packs as heavy as motorbikes, bowed over with the weight, and then you all run out the doors. Just like that.

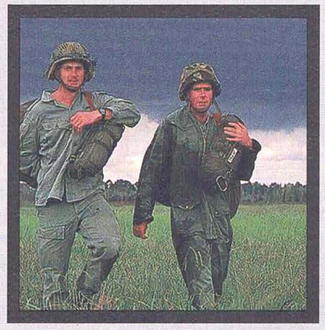
No mucking around, either. No casting about for looks of reassurance from your mates. No sir. *Green light:* go, go, go — all 60 of you, one every half-second, stepping into oblivion.

Heavy black boots first, wind lashing at your trousers and across your face, then suddenly it all goes calm and some almighty strong bastard grabs hold of your shoulders with a gut-wrenching crack and there you are, floating in the sky, best army linen billowing gently above your head.

Floating down to Earth.

You hit the ground (lucky you missed that tree) and your face is all red with the adrenalin rush, and the sweat is soaking your shirt, just from the fear. Don't let anyone ever tell you any different: jumping out of an aeroplane is scary as hell, even for Army paratroopers who jump up to 50 times a year.

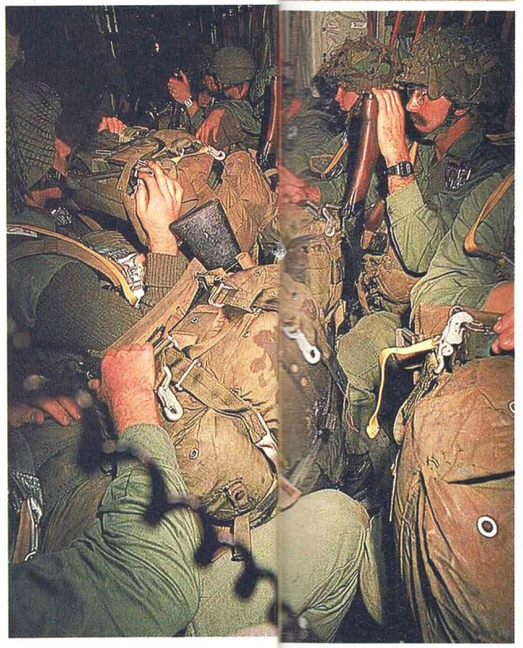
Just ask Private Smith, standing shocked and white-faced after the jump. He had no sooner stepped out the door, way up in the air, when one of the buckles on his parachute harness snapped. *Can you believe it?* his mates ask, gathering around. *Smithy's buckle snapped!* His pack had fallen away and plummeted the 800 feet to Earth. It sits now, smashed and battered, at Smithy's feet, and they all cast furtive glances at it. That's what *we* would look like, they're thinking, if the unthinkable happened. Even the tough M-16 rifle strapped across the pack has been broken clean in two by the fall. Amazing.

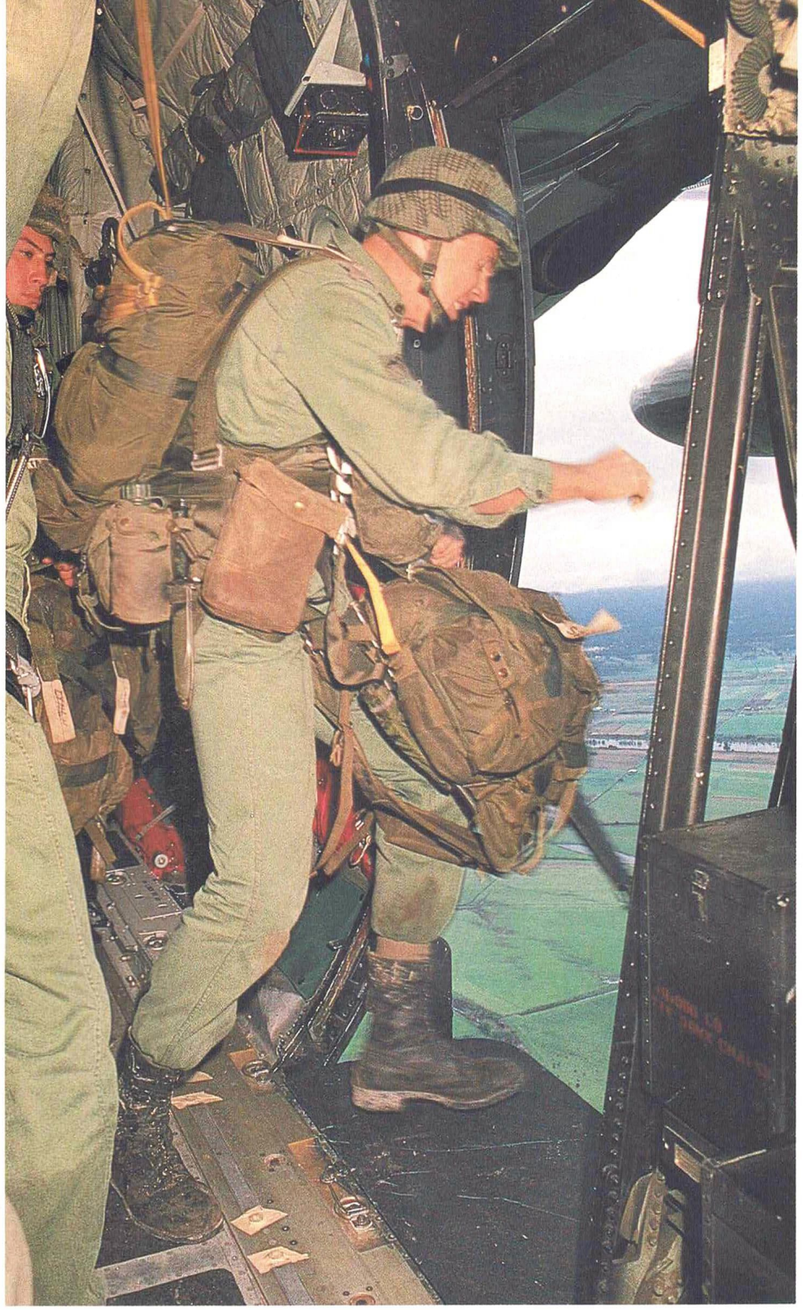


Parachuting — especially paratrooper-style — is dangerous enough without the worry of buckles breaking. Smithy turns the buckle over again in his hands and an attentive officer explains that it must have been twisted when Smithy jumped. You can see from the angle of the break, he says, and they're all reassured because it was a problem of procedure, not equipment. *Don't stuff up and you'll be okay. The system works.*

It's a pretty important system, this, used by one of the elite units of the Australian Army, a highly trained paratrooper force with the controversial task of invading any of our Pacific Island neighbors should it ever become necessary. The 500-strong force, based at Sydney, is permanently ready at a few hours' notice to do just that. In fact they, or other parts of the Australian Army, have been placed on alert four times in the past year by Defence Minister Kim Beazley in response to strife in the region.

The main reason for such an invasion would be to rescue Australians from political upheaval of the type that has become increasingly prevalent during the last decade. Fiji, Vanuatu and New Caledonia have all suffered. As events on Bougainville





Anti-clockwise from top left: The company of paratroopers, complete with gear, waits to board an RAAF C-130 Hercules; Kitting up; Boarding; Airborne in the belly of the beast; The moment of truth.

CONDITION *RED*

have shown, political bloodshed may even be directed specifically against Australians. Three Australian workers at the island's giant CRA gold and copper mine have been wounded by rebels, and the 4000 Australians there consequently moved to safety.

The beauty of paratroopers, from a military point of view, is that they can be sent to hotspots in a few hours, yet, unlike other forces, they aren't restricted to landing at airports, which can be heavily defended or even just blocked by parking a car on the runway.

The paratroopers would also be first into action if Australia itself were ever invaded, quickly flying north to jump into the fray and buy time for larger forces of infantry to deploy. One of their tasks would be to capture an airfield near the invaders so reinforcements could fly in.

It is a special role, and they are special troops, and they are intensely proud of the fact. Like paratroopers around the world, they wear a distinctive red beret which marks their special status and is denied to ordinary soldiers. They're membes of the elite brotherhood of airborne soldiers. *All the way*, as their US counterparts put it in marching songs.

Ask them about it, though, and they're refreshingly modest. "We're nothing special," they reckon, but there's no doubt they like being able to wear that red beret. When they arrive at an air force base for parachute training, the guard is clearly impressed: "Oh, you're the Parachute Battalion," he says with a definite tone of respect. Strolling into the base canteen later in the day, the red berets again draw respectful second glances.

The paratroopers' presence at the Army's Holsworthy Barracks in Sydney is distinctive, to say the least. Visitors are greeted by rifle-toting soldiers in full combat gear and, once a week, every member of the Battalion, from cooks to clerks to commanding officer, must work all day wearing their full combat gear, as if they were in a dangerous war zone. On another day of the week, walking is not permitted and instead everyone has to run everywhere. The rest of the base seems to tolerantly consider it all a bit theatrical; but then, as they would be the first to acknowledge, they're not the ones who might be climbing into a Hercules in the middle of tonight. For real. Just like that.

The heavy C-130 Hercules washes past overhead, on a training day at Richmond Air Force Base, at 800 feet, and the stick figures come tumblilng out behind. Eight hundred feet is very low. Low enough for this reporter to see the stick figures' arms hauling on their lines, and the legs of one kicking frantically to unwind his twisted parachute lines.

"That must have been pretty dangerous," I ventured later to the stricken soldier — a captain, it turned out.

"It only fucking kills you," he replied, furious at so stupid an observation. Then, mellowing: "There are drills for it. That's what drills are for."

Few people would claim civilian parachuting is a safe sport, but Army parachuting is even more dangerous because of the speed with which paratroopers leap out the doors — one every half-second, a frequency necessitated by the need to land close together, but which also causes many tangled lines. Still, that's what the rigorous training's for. "Make a mistake and you'll have the rest of your life to think about it," their instructors tell them. "All 20 seconds of it." They don't make mistakes.

It takes just 90 seconds for the entire Batallion — 540 soldiers — to drop into an area, and then it must frantically organise itself. Soldiers scattered over the two-kilometre-long drop zone are guided to their 30-man fighting units by different colored lights that define "gates" at the edge of the drop zone and "roads" to the various parts of the Batallion.

In a peculiarly Australian innovation, the Parachute Battalion drops four-wheeled motorbikes as well, under their own parachutes, and then uses them to round up

From far left: From 800 feet, the Hercules disgorges its cargo of paratroopers. The jumpers were so close that it was plain to see them from the ground, hauling at their lines in the air, and to watch one frantically trying to unwind his twisted chute; Down. Training jumps are made on soft, marshy ground to reduce injuries; A machine gunner, safely down and with his gear packed away, is ready for battle.

CONDITION *RED*

wayward parachute loads on the drop zone. It also uses colored parachutes to mark the locations of important loads. (Both innovations, commanding officer Lieutenant Colonel Simon Willis points out proudly, are disdained by the Airborne units of the US and UK.) Even Landrovers are parachuted down, mounted on giant cardboard honeycomb cushions. They're used for carrying supplies and mortar crews around the battle zones.

The harsh realities of this dangerous occupation are borne out by white crosses splashed across some of the soldiers' backpacks and helmets, identifying loads too important to leave on dead bodies. So, of course, the Battalion has its chaplain — in this case a man they're quite proud of, a "jump bandit" who accumulates 50-odd jumps a year. It helps if God's on your side.

Most of the soldiers in this elite outfit seem just out of school, apart from the Duntroon-trained officers. Tough? No doubt. But still full of youthful enthusiasm. On parachuting days, they carry compact 35mm cameras to get pictures that will impress their friends and families.

Wives drive out to the airbase and lift the tiny hands of babies into the air to point out Daddy, tumbling from the sky. In perhaps the ultimate incongruity, these archetypal tough shock troops are some of the few men in Australia to get paternity leave when babies are born. One week.

Intelligence officer Captain Alex Foulds doesn't see anything incongruous in that at all. "We are a caring organisation," he says, unaware or unconcerned that he is skating close to parody. Just as the Army never abandons wounded soldiers on the battlefield, he says, so officers help their charges with financial problems, legal documents and anything else that might be troubling them.

The team feeling is very tangible when you're sitting cramped and buckled in the laden Hercules on its way to the drop zone. Everyone knows that everyone else is working towards the same goal. No servile fawning here, no corporate-style back-stabbing. No time: *green light*, go.

Commanding officer Willis, just back from seeing the Brigadier, happily describes his driver quizzing him about the meeting: "Did the Brigadier have anything to say, sir? Anything that affects us?" Jumping, Willis has no special privileges. He takes his place in the line of troops, another green-clad figure bowed under heavy pack. The life-and-death checks of his gear he entrusts to the private behind him, just as the others do.

Incongruously, while women are excluded from combat roles in the Australian Army, they are nevertheless likely to participate in the most daring, dangerous and glamorous of military operations — the armed parachute drop. Women soldiers would jump with the Parachute Battalion to help with the female civilians, intelligence officer Foulds says. About 30 percent of civilian evacuees would probably be women.

In the Battalion's musty library, battle diaries written by young patrol commanders in the jungles of Malaysia and the snows of Korea bear testimony to fierce encounters. "0215 hours" (or some other ungodly time, the entries all seem to start), "exchanged fire with CT [communist terrorist] at distance of 5–7 yards."

Major cultural icons pinched from some of those battlegrounds dot the Battalion's headquarters. Ensconced in the officers' mess is a piano taken from a Japanese opera house at the end of World War II. And sitting on the front lawn, nothing less than one of the border markers supposed to be marking the 38th Parallel between North and South Korea. Now it marks the division between the officers' mess and headquarters.

Perhaps the function of these memorabilia is to remind the young paratroopers that there is nothing abstract or recreational about the training they undertake — and that when it comes down to the real thing, they have a proud and potent tradition to uphold, because *the system works*. As long as you don't stuff up.

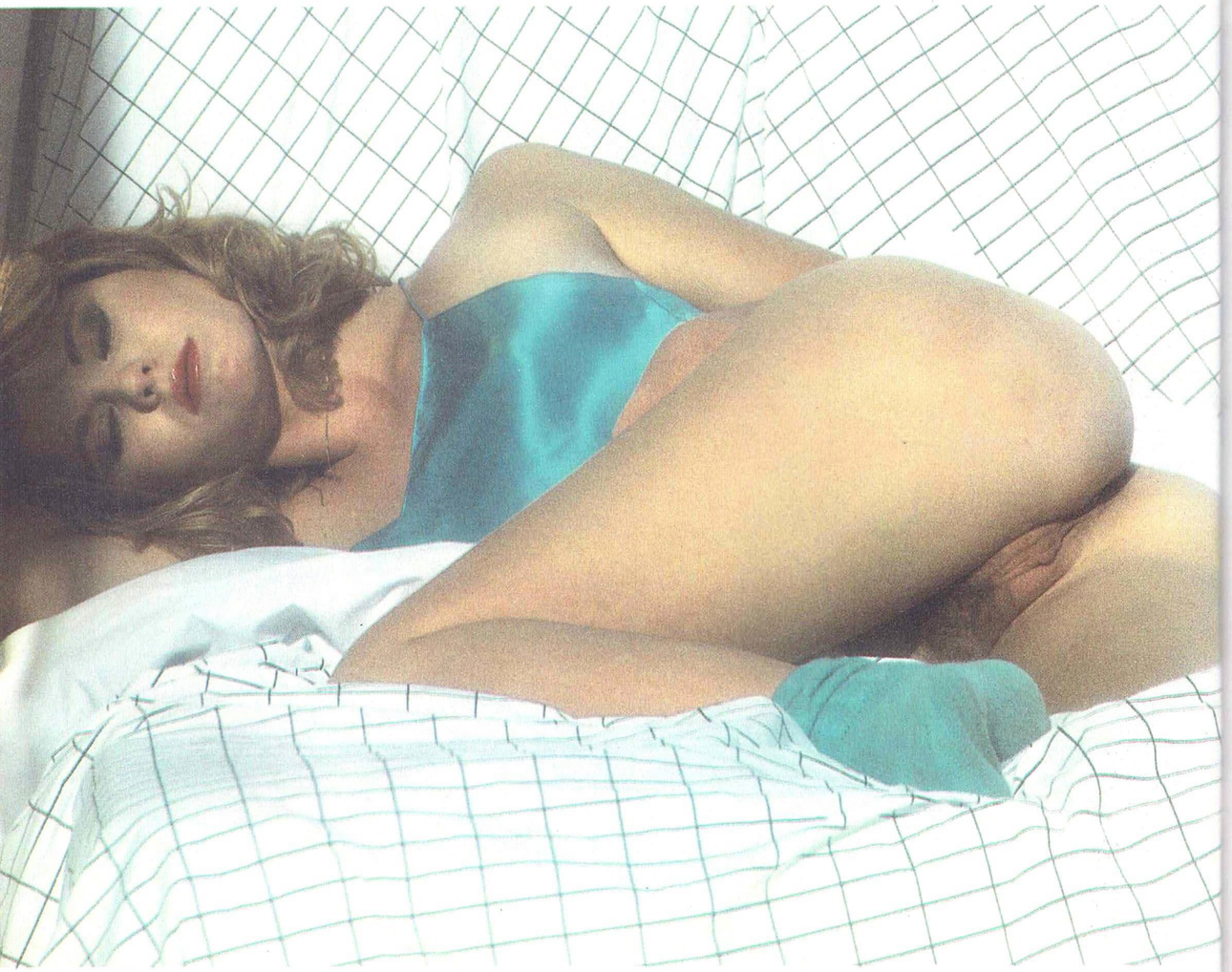
WINNING WAYS

Alex Lombard has a smile like a sunbeam and a shining personality to match. She totally captivated everyone on her shoot with her winning ways. "I'm a people person. I love socialising," she says, and it shows.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

At the moment she hasn't settled for any one profession, but does several. She's a part-time model, swimming instructress and waitress. "I've worked my way around Europe doing all sorts of jobs. Now I'm just saving money to go overseas again. I guess I've got the bug."

One day 23-year-old Alex would like to own or manage a nightclub. "It would be the perfect job. Socialising and making money at the same time," she enthuses.



FICTION BY NICK PATRICK
ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

She was young, beautiful, and doomed

DEATH AND THE SIX O'CLOCK NEWS

In the tiny plane, climbing with the wind rushing in, I felt the usual mix of anticipation and fear. My comrades' tense faces told me I wasn't alone.

We reached the drop zone and the spotter signalled the pilot. The sky from here was vast, indifferent and deeper than any ocean. But I was not Captain Nemo or Jacques Cousteau, just a frightened man perched on the brink of a giant gamble.

At the end of the run I jumped clear into a long freefall, and my life came together in a fine pinpoint of light. I pulled the cord and was one with the eagles. The world dropped away. I'd made it. I would live forever.

Riding the adrenalin rush, I jumped again, then went home, jostling in a van with three other madmen, quiet and drained, euphoric and perfectly calm. Early cares seemed small and insignificant. I felt untouchable, inviolable, reborn.

I am an observer, a reporter. I read the news. People recognise my face; they think they know me.

Fifteen-minute fame has its advantages — invitations to openings, discounts on rags, more women than I could ever want: but then there is the open-mouthed staring, the groupies and the subverting sense of being watched.

So I'm a loner. Women are something that happens to me, not something I seek out, but there is someone out there, I know, whose soul I will instantly recognise. It was this possibility that drove me to

the opening of a new club. As I watched the usual first-nighters tout their tired wares and fail to impress, I saw her, alone at a table, a girl with long dark eyes, a cascade of tight curls, all dressed in black with the hem down. Her make-up was smeared and she looked sullen and exhausted.

I sat down opposite and watched her silently. Eventually she noticed me.

"Do you want anything — anything at all?" I asked.

She stared at me. "Nothing you could get would help me," she said, her voice husky with a slight accent. There was a forcefield around the girl, a tension. Something would happen, I knew.

It did. Suddenly she saw someone. Her eyes widened and a hand snaked out and grabbed my wrist. "Let's go," she whispered.

I looked up, but I couldn't see what had frightened her. Just a mass of anonymous people. I led her outside. The air hit her and she staggered slightly and said: "I promise I won't throw up in your lovely car."

My lovely old red car. My Mustang.

I took her to my flat in Elizabeth Bay. It wasn't grand, but it had a seedy elegance and an exceptional view to the Heads. She smoked a couple of cigarettes and danced by herself to the music. I watched. Despite the bravado, something inside the girl seemed broken, some essential spring.

I gave her a drink and when she reached out, I took her hands and examined her arms. Sure enough, the needle marks were there. Not tracks yet, but there.

"It's bad for your body," I said.

"Yes, but my head needs it," she replied, deadly certain.

It's true that heroin is one answer to one kind of despair, so I didn't moralise. My silence won her trust and she told me some of her story. Her family were wealthy, Lebanese, traditional. The girl had been to an Australian school and was impatient with the old ways. The pressures were enormous.

That couldn't be all: there had to be a man.

"My mother is frightened all the time," she said. "I can't live like that. I love my father, but he thinks I'm a tart."

Later she said: "If he knew I was doing this stuff, it would kill him."

I thought it would kill her first, but people need their illusions. I know. I churn them out every night at six o'clock.

"I should have told him. I was wrong," she said, and I assumed she was still talking about drugs.

"Who turned you on to smack?" I asked. I presumed they weren't handing it out at exclusive girls' schools along with mathematics, music and manners. Not yet.

"You spoil those germs, Gerald."

"An evil man," she said. "Someone I trusted."

She sat down next to me on the couch. "I trust you. You aren't going to hurt me, are you?"

I said no and took her to bed. She did what she thought I wanted her to do, but her heart wasn't in it; she was a very sad girl. Her sobbing woke me during the night, but by morning she was gone. I found her gold cigarette lighter on the floor of the living room, but apart from that, all she had left behind was the faintest trace of perfume on my sheets — the scent of her skin and white flowers.

I doubted we would meet again. Our lives were on different trajectories. I hadn't expected hers to be so short, though.

By the next day the girl had achieved a sort of fame; she'd become a news item. After leaving me in the small hours of the morning, she'd been murdered. A paperboy had found her abandoned like old rags in a vacant lot.

At least I had a name for her now — Yasmin Khadouri — but it took all my concentration not to stumble over it as I bared her life and death to my avid viewers. When I came off camera I asked our crime reporter how she'd died. It turned out to be a freak accident. Somebody had slapped her around and landed an unlucky punch. The girl had a very thin skull — the blow killed her.

He shook his head: "It would have given most women a nasty headache for a couple of days, that's all. She had bad luck."

Or bad judgement.

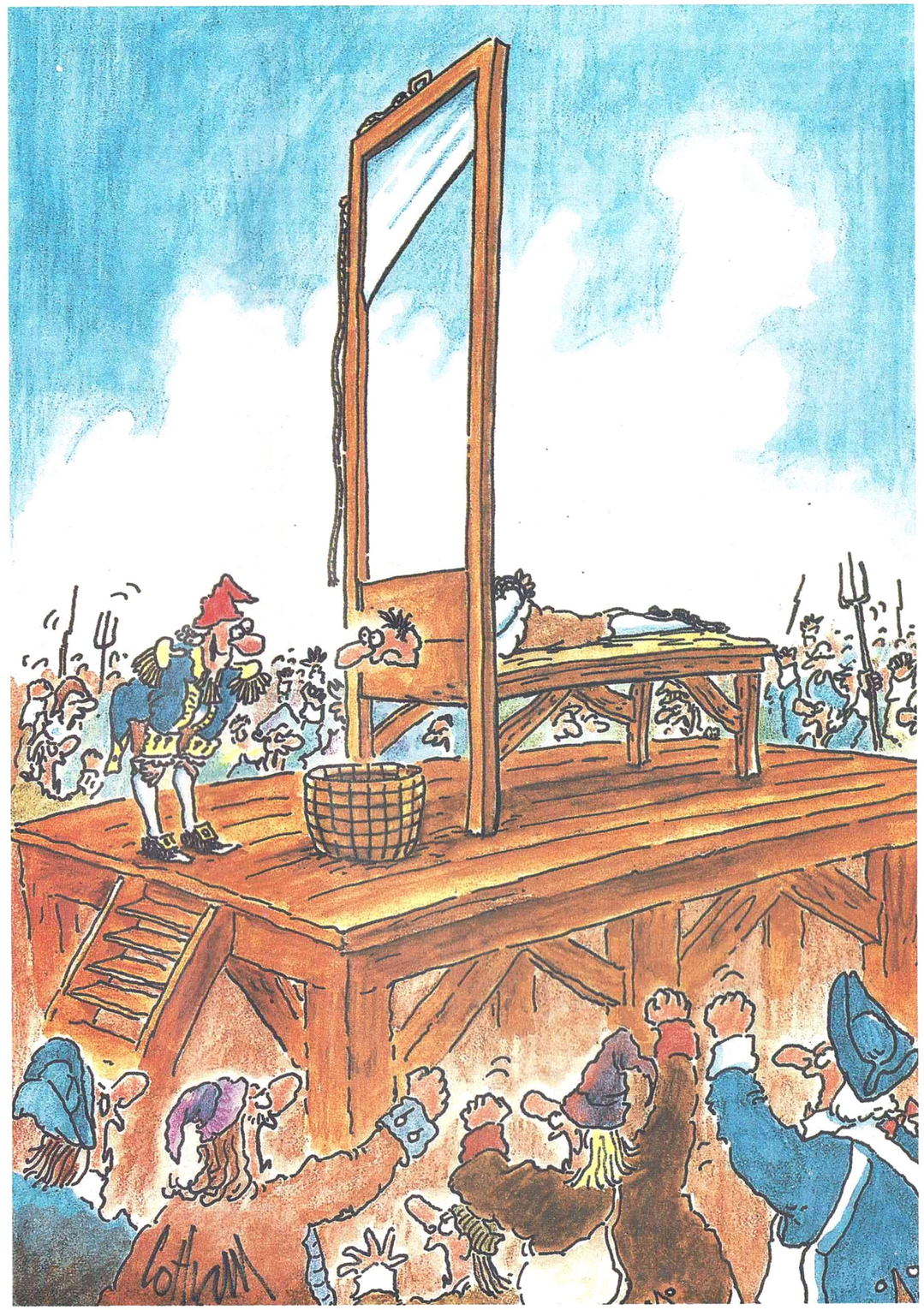
As I cleaned off my make-up, I considered going to the police, but I had nothing to tell them. And I didn't want to lose whatever shreds of anonymity I still possessed. Instead I went running and ran for miles, hoping the pain in my body would quieten the pain in my heart — or my soul, or whatever part of me it was the girl had touched.

I came home exhausted, but calmer, to find my flat in ruins, ransacked. It was like being physically assaulted. Glasses and china were smashed, pillows disembowelled, drawers turned out, papers scattered. They'd even gone through my fridge.

Apart from fifty dollars that was lying about, nothing seemed to have been stolen. But then, the ferocity of the attack ruled out schoolkids and junkies. I had no idea what they'd come for — not yet.

The police arrived at the studio the next day to see me. They understood I had left the club with the murdered girl. Did I want to tell them about it? No, I wanted to talk to a lawyer; I had the sense of something starting to roll, and knew there would be no getting off until it stopped. Or until I stopped it.

I called Jeremy Dryden: tall, sardonic and clever, with a string of brilliant defences to his credit. He was something of



"Just trust me, okay?"

a writer, and I'd met him on a newspaper. I told him what had happened, though I didn't mention the break-in.

I gave the police a statement. They warned me to stay in Sydney but let me leave. Perhaps they thought someone with my advantages had no need to murder women; perhaps they were simply playing out the rope.

Unable to face the devastated apartment, I stayed the night in Jeremy's Darling Point apartment. He was gracious as ever, and I found solace in Judith's excellent cooking and their domestic serenity. Though I dreamed vividly of Yasmin, I started to recover my equilibrium.

It was shattered the following night in the carpark at Epping. As I straightened up from unlocking the Mustang, a man in a balaclava rushed at me, fists flying. It caught me off guard, but years of Kung Fu came to my aid and I managed to block most of the punches.

Not all of them, though. A looping right caught me on the corner of the left eye, disorienting me for a moment. Sensing victory, he moved in and landed more punches, but I skipped backwards and planted a front thrusting kick into his gut. He doubled up, and I came in with a right jab to his nose. It blinded him, long enough for me to get in a fast turning kick to his thigh.

His scream attracted the station's security man, who came running. In the confusion, my attacker escaped to a waiting black Jaguar. He was dragged aboard, and the powerful car roared off without lights.

Sam drove me to casualty at Royal North Shore. There were no broken bones, but my eye was blackening and my face was badly bruised. Surveying the damage in a mirror, I recognised the seriousness of an attack on my face: no looks, no job. I'd never thought of it like that before.

I called the station manager and told him I'd been mugged and wouldn't be coming in for a couple of days. He said he'd look for a substitute. One man's disaster is another's opportunity.

I went home and cleared some of the debris off my bed, but didn't sleep. The random violence of the past three days had confused and paralysed me. It was time to seize control.

In the wrecked kitchen next morning, the coffee stinging my cut mouth, I searched the classifieds for details of Yasmin Khadouri's funeral. It might hold some answers.

Then I called Anna, an older woman who shared my interest in Eastern philosophies. Anna took the long view now, but she'd once worked for a national security organisation. Her sharp eyes missed little. I asked her to go to the funeral and take photographs.

She agreed to help, but asked what I was looking for.

"An evil man and a young hood," I said.

To fill in the hours of waiting, I took out the gold lighter and meditated. I'd been carrying it around and had caught myself rubbing it secretly, as if I hoped to conjure up Yasmin, the feel of her skin, the taste of her tears.

When Anna returned with the proofs, I quizzed her about the funeral. I had some intuition that Yasmin's people were simple folk who had fallen between two worlds, and that their lives frightened and confused them — made them mad, even.

"Those people, her people . . ." Anna began. "They felt guilty, and it made them angry, so they blamed the parents, the killers. Everyone but themselves."

"And grief?" I asked. "What about grief?"

"Oh, there was grief. But nothing very straightforward." She surveyed me

> She left behind the faintest trace of perfume on my sheets — the scent of her skin and white flowers

curiously. "And what about you? Do you grieve for her?"

"Grief is just self-pity," I said.

Anna watched me, making her own calculations. "Some people cannot achieve your . . . distance," she said finally.

I changed the subject. "You said they were frightened . . ."

"No, I didn't, but you're right. Look at the photographs. These people are under enormous stress, particularly the kids. They don't know the old country; their parents don't understand the new one. There's a lot of tension there."

Anna knew. Her mother was Greek.

We pored over the photographs. The strain in the faces told me they knew Yasmin's death was simply the first stone in a landslide that could engulf them all.

"Who is the evil man, Anna?"

She marked three. "One of these."

"And the punk?"

"Any of the young men," she said. "They've all been raised on hate."

"But which of them would want to beat me up?"

"The one who loved her," said Anna patiently. "The one who didn't like you taking her home."

We found three young men in the crowd who seemed genuinely grief-stricken — boyfriends, relatives?

"What now?" I asked.

"They would have gone to school locally," she said. "You're an investigative journalist. Go to the school and find out who they are."

"I can't go looking like this," I protested.

She shrugged. "You've got friends in the business."

Then she kissed me on the cheek and departed, leaving an aura of calm and optimism as pervasive as a perfume.

I wanted a woman for the job. People tell them more; they inspire trust. I called Verona, who reports for the news, knowing she would be unable to resist such a heady mixture of good works and risky business.

After swearing her to secrecy, I told her I was chasing a lead on the Khadouri killing. She came to the apartment to pick up the photos, and when her eyes slid over my battered face, I detected a flicker of satisfaction. I was to notice this reaction in others.

Verona lingered at the door.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It's just odd . . ."

"Odd?"

"That this should happen to you."

I waited.

"You're so . . ." She searched for a word and found it. "Detached."

"Perhaps it was an accident," I suggested. "A conjunction of planets."

"No. You chose her."

What she couldn't say reverberated around the room: "And you didn't choose me."

I realised then that I'd seen her every day for years and never noticed the yearning. She read my thoughts and flushed and said: "I'm sorry," though she didn't say what for, and left. She'd get back to me later.

As she was leaving, I said: "Ro, make sure you mention my name." I'd been a serious reporter once. Perhaps I could still make some people nervous.

I couldn't put off cleaning up any longer. I filled several garbage bags with possessions that were beyond repair, and put the rest back, cutting my hand on broken glass and covering myself in goose down. Fortunately my photographs seemed unscathed. They were all I had left of my family.

But as I replaced my grandfather's portrait on the mantelpiece, its silver frame came apart in my hands. The photograph fell out, and with it another picture. I was suddenly breathless.

It was a wedding. A Lebanese wedding. The fat bride and stunned-looking groom smiled out at the camera downstage, but another drama was taking place in the background, almost out of camera range. I found a magnifying glass and Yasmin sprang into view. Looking distressed, she was standing beside a middle-aged man who seemed to be holding her in check with a light but authoritative hand on her arm.

The man was large and prosperous, and wore an ostentatious diamond signet ring and an expensive suit covering a paunch. There was something brutal about the face, but the mouth was sensual. Women would find him attractive. He had the look of someone who took too much of everything. An evil man?

That night I went along to my Kung Fu lesson, not to punish my body further, but to see David, a reserved, confident man who worked for a government task force on organised crime. As we were leaving, I drew him aside and asked him to have coffee. He took in my injured face, but didn't comment.

I showed him the funeral shots and the wedding picture. "Do you know any of these men?"

"What's it about?"

"Yasmin Khadouri."

"You're not going to do anything illegal, are you?"

"I'm not interested in the law," I said.

"What are you interested in?"

"Knowledge."

He laughed. "And justice?"

"Justice . . . I'm not comfortable with abstractions."

"So what's this all about?"

"Waste."

"Are you sure you're not too . . . close?"

"How well do you know me?" I asked.

He looked into my eyes, then said: "Well enough."

He wrote names on the back of the funeral photos and gave them to me.

"What do you know about these men?" I asked.

He hesitated.

"Off the record," I urged.

"Hashish," he said. "Lots of it."

He kept the wedding photo.

I thanked him and we parted. "Take care," he said, touching my arm.

When I got back to the flat I looked in the telephone book and they were all there: one was a solicitor, one a property developer, and the third man — Yasmin's friend, Joseph Malouf — was a businessman, in partnership with Yasmin's father: Malouf & Khadouri, Importers.

Verona caught up with me in the commissary. She'd decided to act as if our little exchange hadn't happened, but I found myself looking at her differently, as we do when we realise someone loves us.

"I went out to the school," she said. "One of the teachers told me some of the Lebanese boys disappear off home to fight in the civil war."

"Excellent work experience," I remarked.

"Yes, hands-on, you might say. The three in the photo are trained soldiers. They're also best friends, inseparable from kindergarten practically."

"Any connection with Yasmin Khadouri?"

"Yes, this one here" — pointing to the best-looking of them — "was madly in love with her."

"The prettiest one."

"And the most dangerous. The teacher said he's a psychopath."

"What's he doing now?"

"Working with his father. In an importing business."

I was staring at the boy's face, particularly the mouth, so I didn't have to be told what she said next. "His name's Michael Malouf."

Something must have appeared on my face. She looked pleased.

"You've done very well," I said.

She fiddled with her coffee cup and said hesitantly: "What was she like, Guy?"

I thought about it. What was she like? What did I know of her inner life after four hours? I knew that she was young and beautiful and doomed.

"Doomed," I said, choosing.

Her face fell. Verona was confident and clever, with a strong life force. She would scorn the sort of woman Yasmin had allowed herself to become, but at this moment she would have sold her soul to be doomed. For me.

Then it passed. Glancing up she saw the look on my face and knew I'd read her mind. She flushed, then laughed, and I laughed and all the tension between us dissipated and I knew I'd made a friend. Only time would tell about the rest. I reached out and touched her wrist and said: "Thanks."

"It was nothing," she replied, and flashed me the smile that had made her name on the six o'clock news.

As I left the station late that night, a man fell into step with me. It was Joseph Malouf.

"You've been asking questions about me," he accused.

"No."

"Don't split hairs," he said. "Your people are nosing around."

"What do they smell?"

"I had nothing to do with Yasmin Khadouri's death," he said.

"Not directly," I said.

He stopped and faced me. "What do you think you know?"

"Someone got her started on smack," I said. "She spoke of a man she trusted, an evil man."

He put his hands over his eyes as if he were deathly tired. "And you think that's me?

"I don't know. Is it?"

"She was very special to me," he said. "I'm no saint. I'm a businessman. But I never gave the girl drugs. Never."

"You just dumped her when she started

Continued on page 113

"Hey, big fella, want to test out your immune system?"

BLACK LABEL
EXCLUSIVE

The Language Lesson

They say that the best place to learn a language is in bed. And they say that the *only* language to learn in bed is French. To that end, so to speak, meet linguistic students Jean and Roberta. He's French, she's American and they're hard at work boning up on the finer points of the French tongue.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

If you think we've made that up just to sling in a few crass puns, you're wrong. Well, partly wrong. Jean *is* French and Roberta *is* American and during this shoot they couldn't understand a word each other was saying. Didn't seem to bother them much, though. Body language, you know.

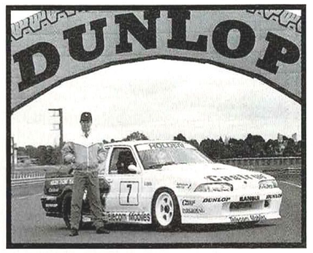
Forget the Oscars, the Logies, the Grammys and all the other kiss-arse awards. Fasten your seatbelts for the motoring gongs that are not afraid to kick . . .

Penthouse Golden Gear Knob Awards

MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

THE "LUDWIG LEICHHARDT WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN?" AWARD #1

To viral complaint sufferer, wearer of hats and former television presenter and motoring commentator Peter Wherrett, who bobbed up in Melbourne last August to end a lengthy exile in the wilds of North Queensland.



John Harvey of the now you see it, now you don't Holden Race Team.

THE "LUDWIG LEICHHARDT WHERE THE FUCK HAVE YOU BEEN?" AWARD #2

To the factory Holden race team which grandly announced its intent to campaign with vigor in '89 and then promptly went into hibernation, staggering into the sunlight only for the end-of-season enduros.

THE "WHO ORDERED ONE BIG RED SHINY TRUCK WITH LADDERS AND HOSES AND LOTS OF MEN IN UNIFORM?" AWARD

To Honda Australia over its bungled press launch of the latest Integra held at Mirage on the Gold Coast. The underwhelmed media quietly watched as the model was revealed, complete with melodramatic fanfare and dry ice smokescreen, and then fell about when the smoke wafted into the ceiling-mounted detection devices, triggering the fire alarm . . .

THE "JEEZ, I HATE PHONE CALLS LIKE THAT" AWARD

To Allan Moffat, who didn't put a scratch on his $350,000 ANZ Ford Sierra during the opening touring car title race of 1989, but the next day took a call from a nervous employee who advised there'd been a "little" crash on the Hume Highway. The racecar trailer had jack-knifed and landed upside down in a ditch, leaving Al Pal's jewel less than pristine.

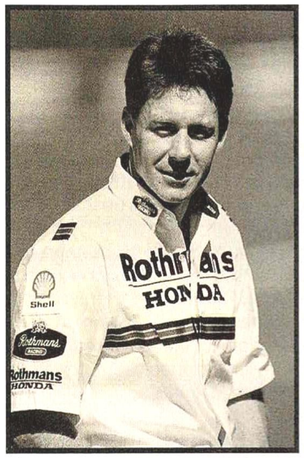
THE "AW SHIT, THAT ABACUS IS AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE" AWARD

To David Long, startline official at the IMSA sportscar race at Portland, Oregon, who waved the chequered flag three laps shy of the finish and triggered a rash of protests and counter protests, appeals and court cases.

THE "DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN TO PEOPLE OF OUR OWN KIND" AWARD

To a Queensland Government shown to be alarmingly receptive to approaches from urgers and snake-oil salesmen peddling schemes to hold state-financed (of course) motor races in that state. One hundred thousand people to watch an Indycar race? That's a good one. Nearly as good as the one about the bloke who wanted to put the Le Mans sportscar on Mount Panorama . . .

Allan Moffat . . . so much for careful driving during the opening touring car title race of '89



Wayne Gardner . . . a bloody year

THE "JOHN McENROE DUMMY SPIT OF '89" AWARD

To French bike ace Cyril Nevue, the two-times Paris-Dakar winner who went home in a huff midway through the super-tough Australian Safari after officials penalised him two hours for repeatedly leaving outback gates open. That's one in the eye for Muroroa, but we still have to get even for Gitanes and Gauloises pollution.

Michael Doohan . . . took a battering on the Grand Prix trail

THE "I GUESS IT'S THAT TIME OF THE MONTH" AWARD

To Wayne Gardner, Kevin McGee and Michael Doohan, Australia's battered bike heroes, for their unfortunate habit of spilling blood at about every stopover on the Grand Prix trail last year.

THE "EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT WHILE I CHANGE FEET" AWARD

To petrol company marketing man John Rowe for his intemperate and indiscriminate attack on the media alleging poor press support for the touring car championship series. Mr Rowe failed to recognise that buying sponsorship of the series didn't include owning the press too.

THE "GREAT MOVE, SHAME ABOUT THE TIMING" AWARD

To Neil "The Kid" Crompton, who departed the struggling Mobil Brock BMW Team at the end of '88 to chase the rainbow at Holden, hoping the connection with Tom Walkinshaw might lead to some international sportscar drives. Instead, 1989 went nowhere for the chagrined Kid. Worse, he had to suffer the pain of watching the Brock team, now in Sierras, have a strong year. Brock, incidentally, won this award last year.

THE "LET'S PULP ANOTHER ONE OF THESE SUCKERS" AWARD FOR SERVICES TO THE SCRAP METAL INDUSTRY

To Peter Brock, whose policy of holding New Faces driving tests to uncover promising talent backfired expensively during 1989, firstly at Winton when former bike star Barry Sheene rooted one Sierra, and then at Oran Park when Formula Fordster Mark Larkham managed some impromptu panelbeating.

THE "ARE YOU SURE YOU WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO SNOW US?" AWARD

To Toyota for its poetic licence in comparing its assault on Australian time and distance records using a Corolla SX driven by a team of motoring journalists with the rather more perilous deeds of world land speed recordbreakers Donald and Sir Malcolm Campbell, George Eyston, John Cobb and Craig Breedlove. It was a blatant snow job by Toyota but we did it anyway.

THE "SHIT, THAT WAS BLOODY CLOSE" AWARD

To crash-prone Suzuki star Kevin Schwantz, a good thing beaten in last year's world championship for 500cc motorcycles. The likeable stringbean Texan revealed an uncanny knack of turning victory into disaster, spilling out of the lead of several Grands Prix almost within sight of the chequered flag.

Hyundai . . . creative marketing

THE "MALCOLM FRASER NOW'S THE TIME TO CALL AN ELECTION" GOOD TIMING AWARD

To racer Glenn Seton, who left job security with Nissan to go it alone with his own Sierra team in '89 with sponsorship from a cigarette company . . . in the very year the Victorian Government cracked down hard on tobacco advertising.

THE "MARKETING OF A SOW'S EAR AS A SILK PURSE" AWARD

To the Bond Motor Corporation, importer of the Korean Hyundai cars, for its ambitious pricing of the family Sonata sedan. The critics said it was overpriced, but the Bond boys disagreed. Then, when it failed to sell to expectations, they lopped off a few thou and put out the sale signs . . .

Peter Brock . . . big panelbeating bills in '89

THEY SAID IT! THE BEST QUOTES OF '89

"Expect to see the *Enola Gay* over Sandown any time now." — Race driver and Touring Car Entrants' Association spokesman Allan Moffat, alluding to problems ahead for the promoter of the Sandown 500 motor race after the track accepted Victorian Government sponsorship conditional on it banning tobacco advertising.

"Is there a problem with tobacco advertising?" — Touring car driver Glenn Seton shortly after signing his 1989 deal with Peter Jackson.

Glenn Seton . . . no-one told him

"No doubt about it, the party's over." — BMW Australia PR Chris van Wyk commenting on the sudden mid-year downturn in sales of prestige cars.

"Aw, fuuuckkkk!" — Queensland Cultural Attache Dick Johnson loudly articulating on Racecam a moment before crashing his Ford Thunderbird out of a US NASCAR race.

"We will face the challenge. We cannot just sit there and hope that God is a good man." — Professor Dr Werner Niefer, chairman of Mercedes-Benz, on how to deal with the threat of the Japanese upscale cars.

"It's only a flesh wound." — Peter Brock, attempting to make light of the destruction by Barry Sheene of one of his team Sierras during a test gallop at Winton.

"To pick up blokes!" — Horny female owner of a Mazda MX-5 sporty, responding to a market survey on why she chose this particular car.

"They play not only the game of competition; they play the game of war." — Dr Wolfgang Reitzle, BMW's director of research and development, highlighting the Japanese approach to making and selling cars.

"We lost the last proper war; we're not going to lose the car war." — Unnamed Japanese car executive talking to Mercedes-Benz chief Niefer.

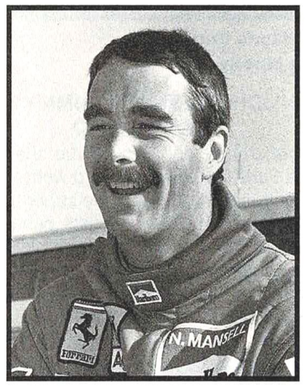
"Brock is out of his depth." — A shooting-from-the-lip John Bowe, condemning Peter Perfect after a track clash between the two touring car championship aspirants.

"At present there is no other vehicle produced in the world which offers its occupants a better chance of survival in the most common type of crash than a current model Mercedes-Benz." — Mr Ingo Kallina, renowned vehicles safety expert employed by — surprise, surprise — Mercedes-Benz.

"Now let's go back to James Walker and Murray Hunt." — Channel Nine's Formula One presenter Alan Jones confirming the perils of live television.

"It is only our practice car." — Toyota engineer talking about the impressive new Lexus saloon, the first attempt by Japan's leading car-maker at an upscale model.

"This is what happens when you leave a car parked in Redfern." — The sensitive Neil Crompton commenting on Aboriginal artist Michael Jagamara Nelson's contribution to the BMW Art Cars exhibition which included Crompton's ex-1988 Mobil Team M3 racer.



Nigel Mansell . . . guts and glory

The Mazda MX-5 . . . a hot favorite with horny women

ON THE SERIOUS SIDE . . .

The Race Of The Year

Impossible to separate the emotion-charged Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix nail-biter at Phillip Island, the wet/dry biffo-laden Winton round of the touring car championship, and the Hungarian Grand Prix, with Nigel Mansell's bold, unstoppable grab for victory.

The Best Race Series Of '89

World championship 500cc motorcycles. Naturally.

The Best Team Of '89

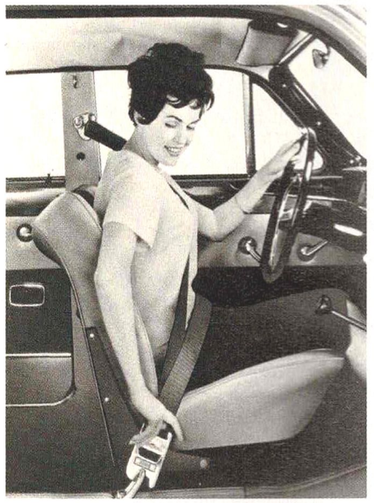
Dick Johnson Racing. First and second in the petrol company-backed Australian Touring Car Championship.

The Racer Of '89

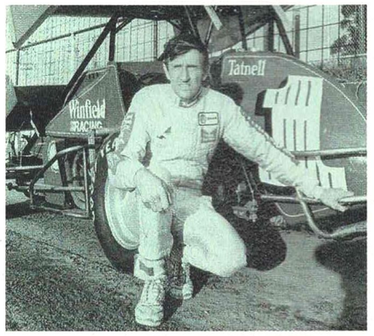
Nigel Mansell. Who cares about his charisma shortfall? He is the gutsiest, most exciting driver in all of motor racing.

Happy Birthday To You, Happy Birthday To You . . .

Turning 30 during 1989 were the lap-sash seat-belt, attributed with the saving of countless lives, and the ubiquitous MIni, which the sentimental Poms continue to produce in surprisingly large numbers. The real surprise, though, is that people are prepared to buy and drive these things.



The lap-sash life saver turned 30



Sprinter racer George Tatnell

Mr Allan George Moffat, touring car driver, and Mr George Tatnell, sprinter racer, both cracked the big five-zero in 1989.

Best Value Road Car Of '89

Easy. Toyota's undistinguished looking but otherwise superb Cressida. Stinging performance, comfortable, refined and priced in the mid-thirties.

Best Road Car Sampled During 1989

The spectacularly fast, extraordinarily composed BMW M5, unfortunately not here until mid-'90.

Least Likely To Win '89 Car Of The Year Award

Holden Apollo/Toyota Lexcen/Holden Nova/Ford Corsair: Designing the grilles and badges for these clone cars didn't exactly stretch the talents of the respective design teams.

Volvo 740 8-plus-8: The strange Swedish recipe for hot-rodding a family car involves dropping in a 16-valve engine that performs no better than the standard eight-valve engine.

FSM Niki: Another ripper from the Eastern Bloc. Based on the pensioned-off Fiat 126, it's a 652cc retromobile that carts us back to the Sixties at a warp 105km/h top whack. Redeeming features are price (eight grand), a rugged feel and a kind of Bolshi chic which is nice enough once but which we trust is not catching.

Leading Contenders for '89 Car Of The Year Award

Ford Capri: Affordable sporty convertible with some clever practical touches and the potential to make Australia a tidy export earner from US sales.

Mazda MX-5: Cute and efficient if largely irrelevant little roadster destined to become a cult car.

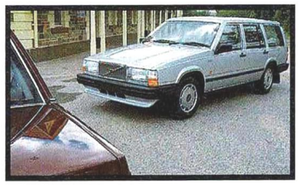
Mitsubishi Galant GSR: First mass produced car with pioneering active suspension that cuts body roll and pitching.

Toyota Supra Turbo: Leader of the pack in the affordable grunt hunt. Accelerate surge peels back your eyebrows.

BMW M5 . . . spectacular

Mitsubishi Galant GSR

Ford Capri convertible . . . potential as a nice little export earner

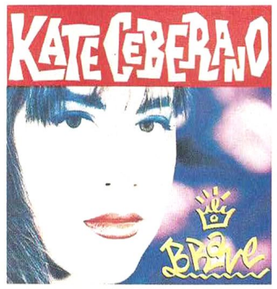


Volvo 740 8-plus-8 . . . odd Swedish recipe

SOUNDS

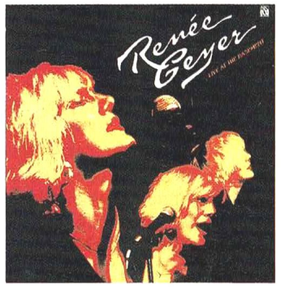
FUNKY SISTER

Anti-clockwise from below: Kate Ceberano gets funky on Brave; Mama Mavis Staples with a little help from Prince; Earnest efforts from Welshmen Underworld; Good-time funk from Renee Geyer.



Kate Ceberano has made a name for herself in the cabaret jazz circuit since I'm Talking shut up. This doesn't mean she's taken on the mantle of an introverted skat soul bearer; her live shows sometimes have the feel of a family chat show. But she has been keeping some funky irons in the fire. On her first solo pop album she takes a *Brave* (Regular) stand for quality in a genre plagued by voidoids like Collette (whose contribution to the sale of bike shorts, if not music, is beyond reproach). Ceberano has her moments of froth and bubble like "Young Boys Are My Weakness" and the less compelling "Bedroom Eyes." Her roots in Seventies funk grow through these pop rinses, however, and are at their most blatant on a reworking of Stevie Wonder's "Higher Ground." A version of the Reels' "Quasimodo's Dream" is less faithful to the original. This probably serves the Reels right, since they've become famous for putting other people's songs through the stylistic wringer. Ceberano has kept the shuffle but sped it up so it has a hip hop bounce. She's even included some mild rap interludes to firmly let us know she's open to current sounds. She doesn't have the edge of a younger gun like Neneh Cherry, but her own musical background and integrity mean she's always engaging, if not challenging.

An eminent funk soul voice of the previous decade (and still going strong) is **Renee Geyer**. *Live At The Basement* (ABC) has a more historical flavor than Ceberano's Consciously Contemporary Stance. This is partly due to the material, the venue, and the ABC marketing department — recorded as it was in May 1986, before her recent bout of rubbing professional shoulders with eminent overseas musicians. This gutsy chanteuse



and band have their way with a couple of James Brown tunes including the obligatory "It's a Man's Man's Man's World", as well as chestnuts like "Dock Of The Bay." The horns and guitar stretch out like well-oiled springs and, judging by the genuine live ambience, a good time was had by all.

Mister Genuinely Hyperactive, Prince, having ridden the Batmobile to the top of the charts, has turned his hands (in a strictly productional sense) to big soul **Mama Mavis Staples** of the famous Staples clan. *Time Waits For No-One* (Paisley Park) is a collaboration based on mutual respect. They kick off with the promising title "Interesting" which has characteristic Prince snap and arrangement ideas but this 20th Century Express never really gets up a full head of steam. It continually threatens to "get down", but just getting up in the first place seems to have used too much of their energy.

Gloria Estafan has hit the top of the charts with her big ballad "Don't Wanna Lose You" but she and the Miami Sound Machine are better known for their Latino funk grooves. The gentle title track shows that their music *Cuts Both Ways* (CBS), but it's their dance grooves that take the material away from a predictably successful sound.

Maria McKee, who used to front nouveau country rollers Lone Justice, has opted for the terminal waif look (sort of Stevie Nicks with angst) for her initial solo strum. Country rock is famous for its tales of bittersweet heartache and Ms McKee has certainly taken its more maudlin elements to heart on her self-titled album (Geffen).

It's been over three years since the **Stones** got down to some collective *Dirty Work*. Keith Richards and Mick Jagger seem to have kissed and made up after their very public bitching, and their collaborative writing seems as productive as ever. Freshly greased, their *Steel Wheels* (CBS) rock and roll smoothly. They don't sound tired, just very relaxed. "Sad Sad Sad" pumps in with Keith's classic rhythm guitar that has powered hits like "Brown Sugar" and "Jumping Jack Flash." Then it's Jagger's turn to pout about "Mixed Emotions." With no radical new directions, the album is as shocking as neck to knee swimwear — definitely a classic line except for the rambling "Continental Drift", which sounds like Mick still chomping at the bit. Keef sings "I Just Can't Be Seen With You" with tongue in cheek, like his version of Mick's view of the Stones when Mick's Peter Pan phobia was most rampant.

Welshmen **Underworld** made waves here in their 1988 club tour (despite sounding unnervingly like a Mi Sex update). Now they make idle threats to *Change The Weather* (Sire) — Wales can't be that bleak! Riding the rock edge of sequenced music, their earnest songs sometimes latch on to brooding hooks like "Underneath The Radar" and this album's title cut, but the machines don't always cut loose the way Karl Hyde's vocals seem to be pushing. — *Jeremy Cook*

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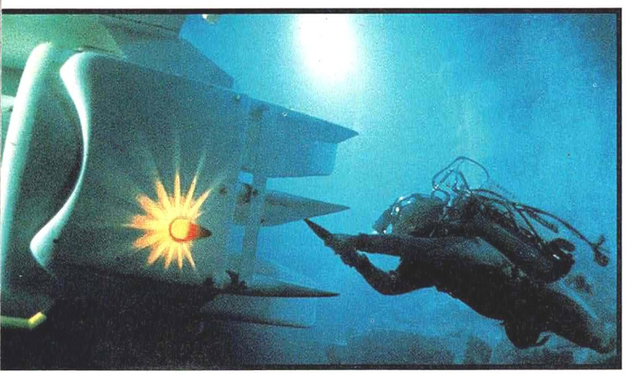
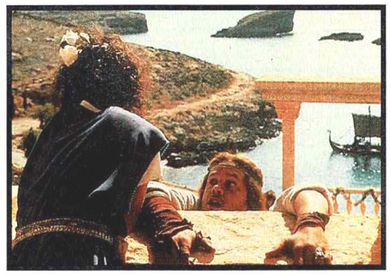
FILM

RAPTURE OF THE DEEP





Above: Deep stuff from the break-neck blockbuster The Abyss; Right and below: Tim Robbins in scenes from Terry Jones' Norse adventure Erik The Viking.

If there's one thing to be said for the underwater adventure **The Abyss**, it is that it doesn't pussyfoot around plunging you headfirst into the action. In diving there is a symptom of the bends known as "rapture of the deep", a nitrogen-induced drunkenness that causes divers to hallucinate and, among other things, forget which way is up. That's pretty much how this viewer felt after ten minutes of this blockbuster.

In those first mad minutes we see an American nuclear sub fall victim to a "mysterious force" at a depth of 2000 feet. All hands are lost as the sub plummets to rest precariously on the lip of a two-and-a-half-mile-deep trench in the Atlantic floor. We then meet the rough and ready crew of *Deepcore*, a prototype underwater drilling facility, seconded by the US Navy for use in rescuing the sub's cargo of ballistic missiles. In rapid order we learn of the animosity between *Deepcore's* gutsy female designer, called in to advise on procedure, and the foreman of the underwater rig, who happens to be her estranged husband. Another blink and we see the hackles of the *Deepcore* crew rising as crack US Navy divers commandeer the rig to oversee the rescue mission, and we learn that one of the divers is suffering the early stages of nitrogen narcosis and is in danger of going Really Apeshit. It is almost blessed relief when a howler of a hurricane closes in up top, severing *Deepcore* from all contact with her mother ship. At last the Real Story can unfold . . .

The subsequent two hours or so of *The Abyss* are every bit as riveting as its introduction, though mercifully nowhere near as neck-breaking. It was written and directed by James Cameron and Gale Ann Hurd, the team responsible for *The Terminator* and *Aliens*. It most certainly bears the hallmarks of both its predecessors in the strength of its female protagonist, played by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. And *Aliens* is recalled in the cramped, workmanlike design of *Deepcore's* interior and in the sweaty, roughneck nature of the rig's crew, headed by Ed Harris.

Techno-wizardry abounds, as does ripping underwater stuntwork. The script fairly barrels along, save for a few mawkish moments near the climactic point. It is the film's conclusion, and the special effects that it entails, that see *The Abyss* failing to live up to its truly momentous promise. Not to worry — the journey there is more than worth the arrival.

Erik The Viking, the latest film from Terry Jones (of Monty Python TV and film fame), also sets a walloping pace in its early stages as it introduces us to Erik the Sensitive New Viking, who is in the process of deciding that there has to be more to life than rape and pillage. He is also in the process of raping a comely Norse wench, but thinks better of it and winds up skewering her with his broadsword instead.

There is a great deal of violence in these early stages as the motley Vikings, locked in a legendary age of darkness and warfare, amuse themselves by lopping off bits and pieces of one another and menacing maidens with swords, both pork and metal. The blood congeals to little more than a trickle, however, as the film progresses into a rollicking adventure in the mould of *Time Bandits* and *Baron Munchausen*. But, despite a fine comic cast (John Cleese, Terry Jones, Mickey Rooney and a handful of excellent British character actors), Terry Jones' script fails to deliver many laughs. Recommended to red-hot fans of mythical adventure or to those who are prepared to laugh at John Cleese even when he isn't very funny.

There is the raw material for a snappy Australian contemporary comedy in first-up writer/director Arthur Bowman's **Cappuccino**. The structure is sound, using the monologue to camera technique interspersed with lengthy episodes of plot and character development. The dialogue doesn't jar and the cast is good — John Clayten, Rowena Wallace, Jeanie Drynan, Barry Quin and Christina Parker, with Wallace the standout. But for a comedy, it lacks comfortable laughs. In fact, most of its gags fall flat. Its plot, too, has an amateurish feel that descends to slapstick, detracting from the film's aspirations to the mantle of "Sophisticated Little Flick." — *C.J.M.*

Directed by Walter Hill (*Extreme Prejudice*), **Johnny Handsome** is the story of a low-life thief with congenital facial malformations who is offered reconstructive surgery in prison and, with good behavior, a chance at parole. The film is based on John Godey's novel *The Three Worlds Of Johnny Handsome*, in which Johnny struggles between the hopes of a second chance and the tugs and habits of old ways. Somewhere in the production, however, this internal battle got submerged in the usual capers, shoot-outs and stock crook and cop characterisations. Mickey Rourke plays Johnny impassively, with even fewer loutish grunts than his other low-life roles. Elizabeth McGovern is serviceable as his girlfriend, and the film wastes the talents of its supporting actors. — *Marcia Pally*

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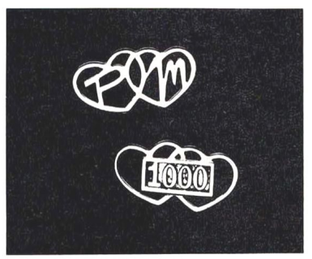

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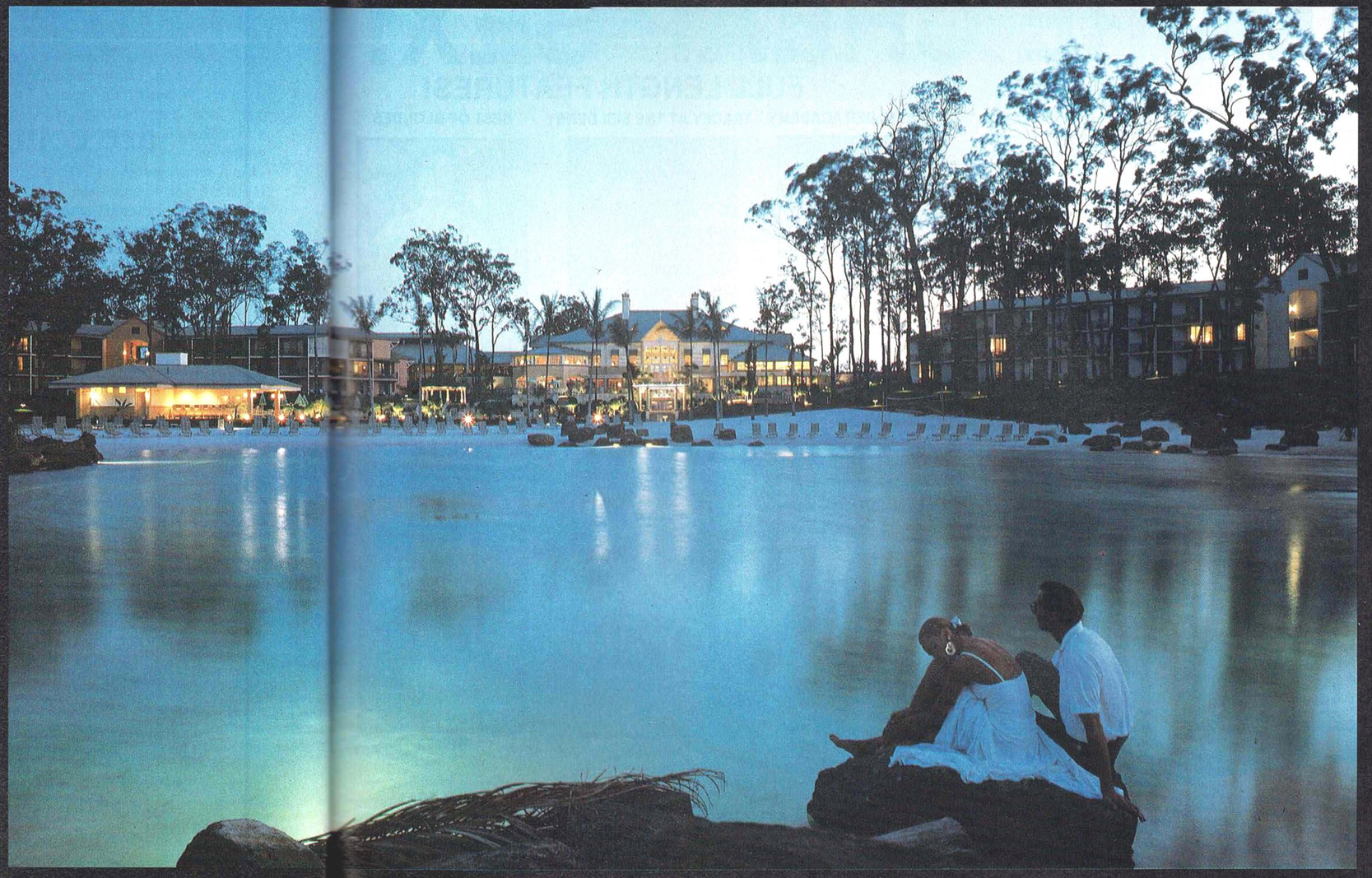

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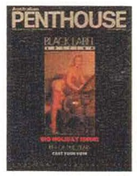

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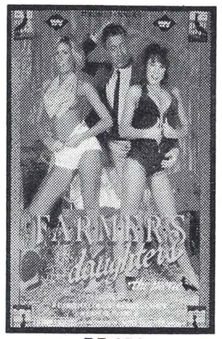

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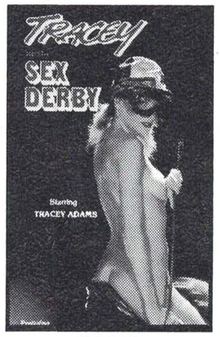

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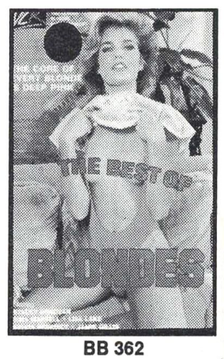

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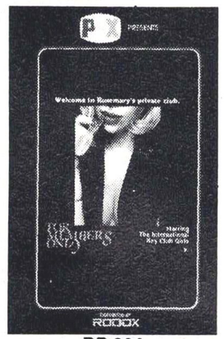

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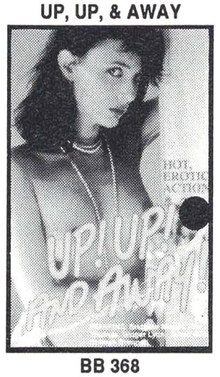

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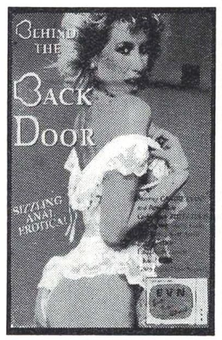

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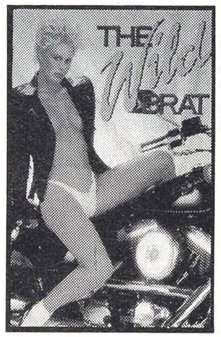

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avia ADULT VIDEO INDUSTRY ASSOC. LICENCED MEMBER NO. 1

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Stunning 21-year-old Sheena Anderson says posing for *Penthouse* is the realisation of a lifelong ambition. "I think nudity is beautiful. The human body is a work of art. I see nothing shameful in displaying it."

body perfect

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEON STEWART

Sheena is a self-confessed exercise addict. "You get a natural high from being physically fit. I swim every day, and I also run and work-out whenever I can squeeze it in." This fit fox is also training to become an aerobics instructress and hopes to get a job in a gym.

Sheena is certainly the perfect advertisement for a healthy lifestyle. "I don't smoke, drink or eat red meat, but that doesn't mean I don't know how to party." As far as men are concerned, Sheena likes them with muscles, "Slobs need not apply," she says.

Continued from page 95

to get embarrassing, and she ended up a junkie."

"Look, I'm a married man. I have a position in the community . . ."

I interrupted. "Maybe you didn't beat her to death in a vacant lot, Malouf, but you stripped her bare and sent her out there alone. You'll have to live with that."

He flushed darkly and his fists clenched as if he wanted to hit me, but when I didn't flinch, he turned and walked away. I watched him get into a black Jaguar and take off with a squeal of tyres.

In Chinatown the following Thursday, David called me over. "I've got your photo, Guy," he said, handing me an envelope containing the original and an enlargement.

In the enlargement a figure had emerged from the shadows behind the wedding party, close to Yasmin. It was a man, lighting a cigarette with an unusual gold lighter, with his eyes fixed on Yasmin and Malouf.

I went very still, and David said: "You've seen something."

I passed him the photo and took out Yasmin's lighter. His eyebrows flew up, but he didn't tell me I should have given it to the police.

"She left it in my flat the night she was killed," I explained.

We both knew the face in the picture: Danny Calil, a vicious crim who had made millions out of girls and gambling, but had never spent a day in jail. It was a long time since he'd had to beat up recalcitrant women with his own fists, but if he wasn't doing the bashing, he was still giving the orders.

"What do you think?" asked David.

"I think Calil wanted her, but she was in love with Joe Malouf. Malouf got cold feet and kicked her out. She couldn't go to her family, so she got into drugs. Calil supplied them. But she was getting out of control, cracking up, going home with strangers, so Calil or one of his goons tried to slap some sense into her. They probably didn't mean to kill her."

I told him how my apartment had been torn apart. "I think Calil had it done. He was probably looking for the lighter."

"And the wedding photo?"

"I don't think so. He wouldn't have known about that. And Yasmin wasn't keeping it because of him, but because Joe Malouf was in it. She didn't want Calil to find a picture of Malouf in her bag."

"Did Calil have you bashed up too?"

"No," I said.

He waited, but I didn't elaborate. I believed Michael Malouf had attacked me. He'd loved Yasmin for years, forever perhaps. It was him she saw that night in the club. He'd probably followed us. It was ironic; if he'd waited a bit longer, he might have saved her.

Part of me hated Michael Malouf for messing up my face, but part of me understood why he had done it. He thought Yasmin had spent her last night with someone who didn't give a damn about her. He wanted me to hurt as much as he did. But perhaps I was projecting too much. It might have been simple jealousy. I was still too ambivalent to talk to anyone about Michael Malouf.

"It would give me great personal satisfaction to nail Calil," said David.

"I wish you luck. He's got very good connections."

"I know, but the new government wants some runs on the board. The lighter will get our foot in the door."

He paused. He knew I'd been living and breathing the case. "What about you?"

I gave him the lighter. "I'm going to read the news the night Calil is charged with Yasmin Khadouri's murder," I told him. "And after that, I'm not ever going to read the news again. And after that . . . I don't know. I have a few things to think about."

And I thought I'd probably put some white flowers on Yasmin's grave.

At home, later, I examined my reflection in the bathroom mirror. The cuts had healed and there would be no scars, but the face looked different, as if an element of complacency, a tinge of self-satisfaction had been beaten out of it. Yasmin Khadouri had removed my mask. Now I had to learn to live with the face.

Verona dropped into my office the next day. "The dominoes are falling," she announced. "Yasmin's father has dissolved his partnership with Malouf, and Michael Malouf is acting very guilty. He's left the country. With any luck the Syrians will shoot his head off as soon as he hits Beirut."

"He didn't do it," I said.

"Then why did he run for it?"

"There's nothing for him here any more. Yasmin is dead, and his father will probably end up in Long Bay for importing hash."

"So who killed Yasmin Khadouri?"

"Sam Calil."

Verona sensed I'd had enough, and left it at that. She'd find out the rest soon enough; she had excellent sources.

Later, I confessed to Anna that I felt as guilty as the rest of them.

"What for?"

"For not loving enough."

"I think, Guy," she said slowly, "it would be self-indulgence — a sort of sin, if you like — to go on feeling guilty about Yasmin."

"Why?"

"Because it's gratitude you should feel. She taught you compassion."

It's taken time, but Anna was right. Gratitude is exactly what I have come to feel. ○+

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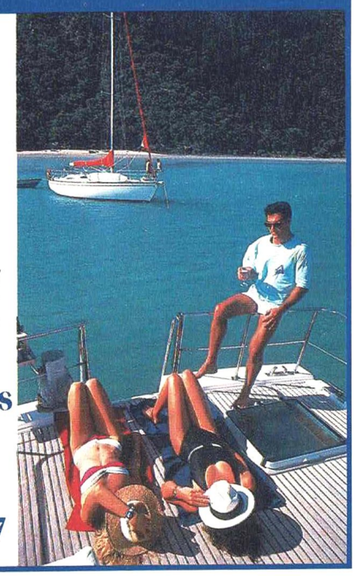

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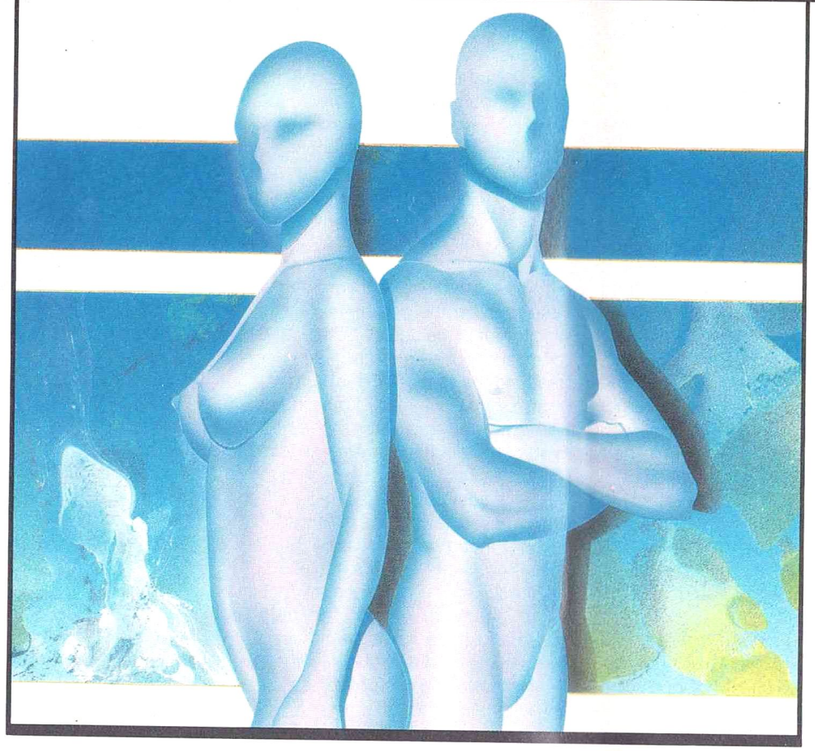


Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and TV programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

What do you do when sex is taboo?

This woman really turns you on. You've been fantasising about making love with her and if the real thing turned out half as good as you imagine, it would be the best thing to happen to you for a long time. And she seems to like you, so maybe the chance is really there. But you know it's taboo. She might be your best friend's wife, your sister-in-law, the woman you know most likely to have AIDS, the flowering adolescent daughter of a friend. It might even be your own adolescent daughter. Whatever the reasons are, you know that this is one relationship you should not consummate. So, how do you curb your desires?

The traditional advice would have you running long distances followed by many cold showers. The old army remedy would have been regular doses of bromide in your tea. As a last resort, Hollywood would have you run off to join the French Foreign Legion. Well, I understand they've stopped taking recruits and none of those other traditional ideas was ever marked by stunning success.

It's normal for you to find yourself sexually attracted to a number of people at various times. It has nothing to do with the success or satisfaction of your present sexual relationship. You may be having a perfectly good, on-going sexual relationship with someone you find stunningly attractive and yet still find some other people attractive.

The key distinction here is between sexual *feelings* and sexual *behavior*. It's quite common to feel sexually attracted to some people with whom you would never actually choose to have a sexual relationship. In fact, that's what most of us do, most of the time. If we all acted on every sexual feeling, life would get rather chaotic. If someone comes for counselling because he is worried about having "inappropriate" sexual feelings, I explain to him how normal the feelings are, and encourage him to accept and even enjoy them, but not to act on them.

Having agreed there's nothing wrong with you for feeling sexually attracted to the "wrong" person, and agreeing that you have good reasons not to act out those feelings in this case, what can you do about them? I'd start with the same suggestion: accept that they're normal and enjoy them. I think a good sexual feeling beats doing the crossword, any day. This approach will only be a problem for you if you find your sexual attraction is getting stronger and you are worried that your self-control is going to slip and lead you into disaster. You can reduce this risk in several ways.

First, find or strengthen your acceptable alternative. Most of us already exercise the self-restraint necessary to accept being sexually attracted to someone without expressing it openly. It is much easier, if still a touch regretful, to turn your back on an inviting sexual opportunity if you can honestly say to yourself: "Well, it's a pity I can't do anything about that, but what I can look forward to at home is so good that I wouldn't want to risk losing it."

If you can't honestly say that to yourself, pinpoint why and do something about it. Do you have no current sexual relationships? That will make it harder to turn your back on the forbidden fruit but, in any case, it's a problem you should be tackling for itself. That may take a little time so, meanwhile, masturbate.

That's not as silly a suggestion as you might first think. Nowadays most people have stopped telling blatant lies about masturbation, such as it being the cause of warts, hairy palms, blindness, craziness and stunted growth. We know they're lies, otherwise we'd be living in a country full of warty, hairy, blind, crazy midgets, because nearly everybody masturbates, at least some of the time. But you won't yet hear many people saying good things about masturbation. So let's start.

Masturbation: (1) feels very good; (2) does not consume many resources; (3) does not pollute the environment; (4) does not need a date nor a relationship; (5) is free; (6) can't get you pregnant, VD, AIDS or a broken heart; and (7) usually gives you an orgasm, which feels very good. Solo sex has a number of plusses that are often not acknowledged. Yes, I accept that most of us still prefer to share sex with a willing partner, but if you don't have one now, or if she is temporarily disinterested or unavailable, masturbation is a perfectly normal and healthy way of letting off steam and avoiding sexual frustration.

Or are you being tempted to stray because you do have an on-going sexual relationship but it has lost its zip? Well, that's also a problem you should be addressing for itself. It is very common but quite unnecessary for people in long-standing relationships to take them for granted and let the sexual side get into a rut. At any time you think your on-going sexual relationship is going stale, the answer is not an unwise fling outside but some sexual enhancement.

Second, don't talk yourself into feelings that you don't really feel. There is no such thing as love at first sight, just lust. There is nothing wrong with a bit of lust, although, as I have already said, you will often choose not to act on it. So look, feel good and enjoy it as she walks past. Then forget it. You can only keep your lust alive and growing if you repeatedly fantasise about it when she isn't around. In fact, that's how people build their feelings of passionate love in the early stages of a relationship: they moon about the object of their desire and have nice fantasies about their imagined relationship in the future.

This is the only caution about masturbation. If you always fantasise about a particular person while you are masturbating, you will increase your attraction to that person. If that's the "wrong" person for you, you don't need to increase your attraction. To fantasise while you masturbate is as normal as masturbating, and I've already dealt with that. So our rule of thumb about sexual fantasies is to relax and enjoy them, but vary the script, especially the main players.

You can back up these two suggestions with some common sense. If you can reduce your contact with the woman in question, do. Absence only makes the heart grow fonder if you work on it in your mind, and I have already advised you against that. Absence mostly makes the heart, and other parts of your anatomy, forget. If you must have some continued contact, make sure there's someone else present who can prompt your self-control, just by being there. If you really must spend time alone with the "wrong" woman, don't drink at the same time. Booze does not help self-control.

With a bit of practical action and common sense, you can have most of the best of both worlds, enjoying the sexual feelings life will offer you without having to act out the "wrong" ones, because you are also enjoying an on-going and acceptable sexual relationship.

"Don't act on impulse. Look, feel good, enjoy it as she walks past. Then forget it."

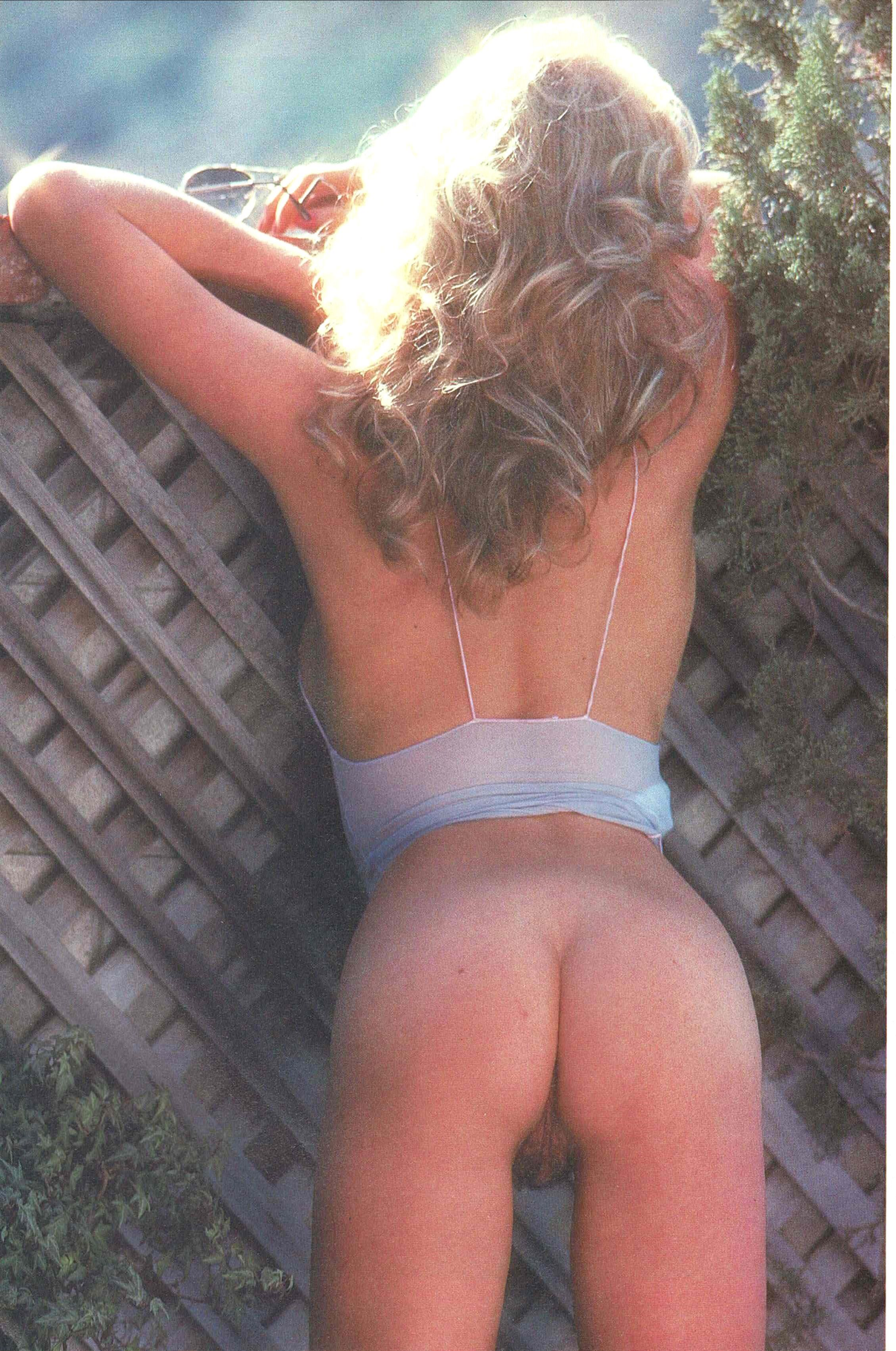
"Don't fantasise your way into false feelings or moon about the object of your desire"

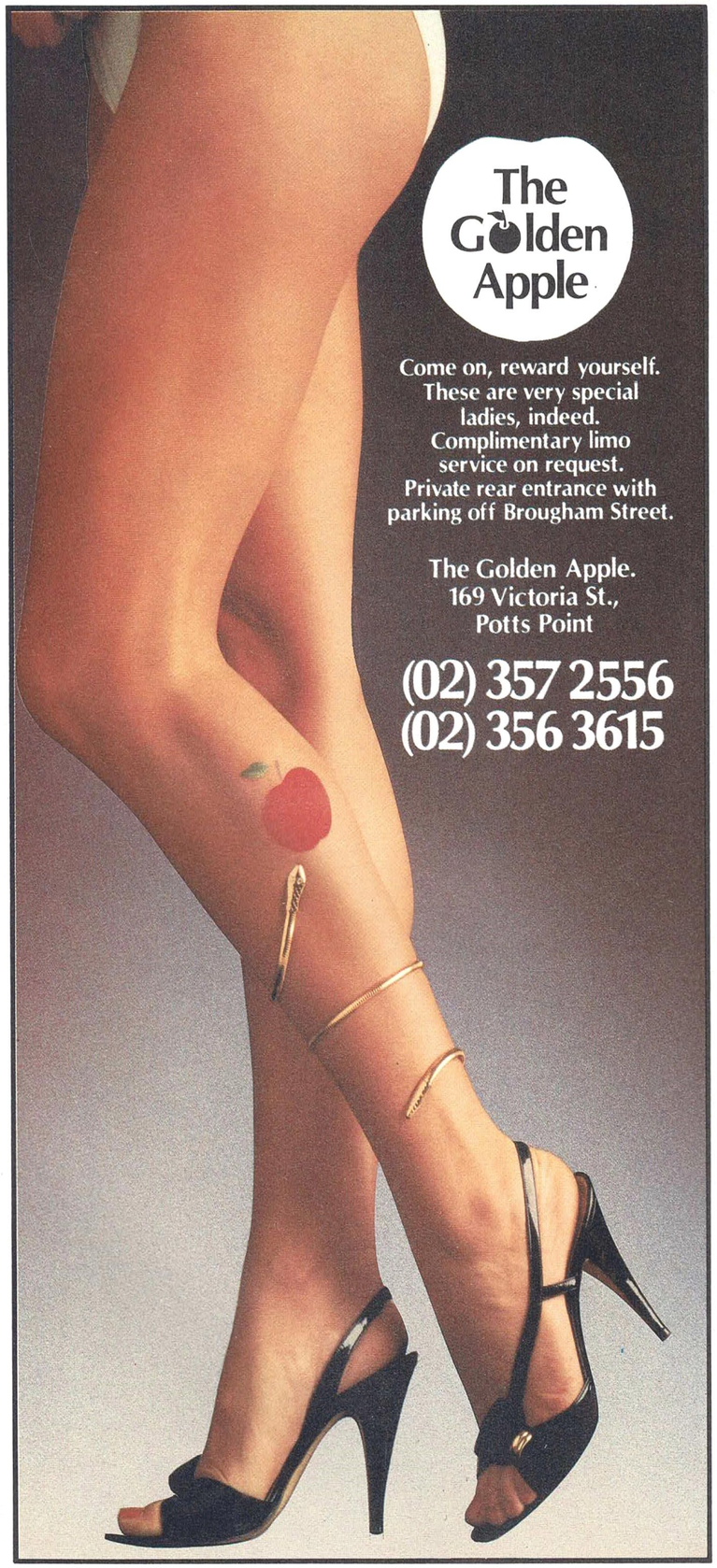
NAKED AMBITIONS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Alex, is just out of secretarial school, but she is determined not to stay in the typing pool for long. "I want to work my way up and become a manager. I'm not the kind of person who'd be content being a girl Friday too long. I'm too ambitious for that."

Aside from climbing her way to the top, Alex would like to travel the world. "So far the closest I've been to going overseas is a ferry trip, but one day I'm going to go around the world — first class, of course."




The Golden Apple
Come on, reward yourself. These are very special ladies, indeed. Complimentary limo service on request. Private rear entrance with parking off Brougham Street.
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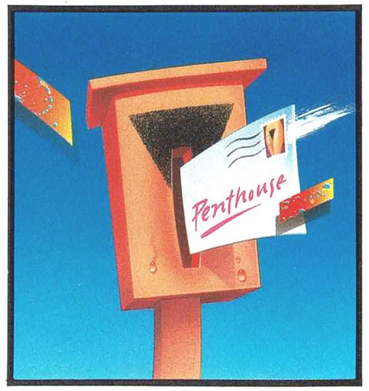

FORUM

Continued from page 17

kissed again. Finally she started giggling and I laughed too while we held on to each other and I grew soft. I pulled out of her but still held her, kissing and hugging — afterplay that turned into foreplay again because we had a lot of catching up to do. — *Name and address withheld*

A typical Tuesday

It being a typical Tuesday, I'd knocked off work and was making the long slog home. To liven things up I stopped off at a newsagent and bought your mag, turning straight to the Forum section for some stimulating travel reading.

When I finally made it home I was unexpectedly greeted at the front door by one of my mother's workmates, a woman about ten years older than me, in her late twenties. She asked where my mother was. I shrugged and told her she was probably out shopping. The visitor let out a frustrated sigh and said she'd pop back later to catch up with my mum. "Fine," I said, "Seeya then," and thought nothing more of it.

Inside, I went straight to my room and began reading the rest of the Forums. Well, as these things go, soon my prick began to stiffen as I read about some woman sucking a guy into orbit. I kinda loosened my exploding parts to give them the freedom they deserved.

Reading on, I began to play a little and soon I was well into a good tug. That's when I heard the tapping on the window. My window! While I was whacking off! Looking up in total horror, I saw my mother's friend smiling her fool head off at me. I freaked, ripped up my strides and bolted from the room to hide.

After about ten minutes I heard a knock at the door, and after getting up my courage, I hesitantly opened it. I felt about two inches tall when I saw that it was the same bloody woman, standing there and ever so cutely saying "Hi." Snapping back, I said, "Mum's still not here," thinking that would finally be that.

For around the price of one snob machine

you could buy all four of these

Of course we aren't suggesting you should buy them all, but then again why not? Lada Cabrio is the ultimate fun machine, stylish, sun loving, with the get up and go to take you just about anywhere with its constant 4 wheel drive that proved itself by winning class in the Wynns last year. It's priced around one third of the cost of a you know what. Of course they're so popular that you might have to wait a while for one.

Or if your fancy is for rugged individualism without the frills of the city slickers, there's always the Lada Niva Constant 4 x 4. Dare we say that this one came in first, second and third in class in the big one the year before. They're never going to believe you when you say that the Lada Samara shows its Porsche design influence but it's true. Here is a small car that is pure motoring value. If you want the stylish extras there's the new Samara Volante, with spoiler, mag wheels, radials, sports steering wheel and superb 4-speaker stereo sound or you might prefer the Peter Brock version we call the Samara Deluxe at a little bit more.

We repeat. You could buy the lot for the price of most snob machines nowadays, particularly since, to buy one qualifies you for a Family Fleet Owner Discount on any subsequent purchases. The choice is yours. See your Lada Dealer.

And one of these as change

From left: Niva Cabrio $15,990, Niva Constant 4 x 4 $13,990, Samara Deluxe by Brock $13,990, Samara $10,990 and above; Samara Volante $12,490. (All prices plus Statutory Charges and Dealer Delivery Costs.)

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"That's okay, pet," she said, "but do you mind if I come in and wait? I'm dying for a cup of tea."

Having been sprung the way I was, I didn't feel in the dominant position, so I reluctantly invited the bitch in, her all the while struggling to hide her amusement. As she walked past me I couldn't help noticing that she was about an inch shorter than me and that she sported a nice set of tits.

"When does your mother normally finish her shopping?" she asked.

"Around about five thirty," I grunted.

"Well, seems as though I'll be here for a while then," she said. "How about that cup of tea?"

Boiling the jug out in the kitchen, I heard her moving around but thought nothing of it. "How many sugars?" I yelled.

"Two, please," she replied. I could have sworn her voice sounded like it was coming from further away than the living room.

I was right. As I plonked the fucking tea on the living room table she was nowhere to be seen. "Where are you?" I shouted.

"I'm in one of these rooms, pet," she called back.

So I have to go looking for her. She's not in mum's room, nor the spare room. I doubt she'd be in the bloody laundry, so off to my room I go.

I pushed open the door slowly and there was this complete stranger reading my *Penthouse*! The expression on her face told me that she was getting turned on — maybe by the same Forum letter I'd been whacking off to before. Just as I thought. She began reading it aloud.

"Turn you on?" she smugly asked.

"None of your fucking business," I snarled.

"Don't be like that," she cooed, patting the bed beside her, signalling me to sit down. Sensing adventure, my tune changed quicksmart. I quickly sat down next to this older woman who was looking hornier by the second.

As she continued to read aloud, I deliberately lay back on my elbows, exposing a rather gifted bulge that was growing visibly. Closing my eyes, I envisioned what would happen next and a few seconds later I felt her caressing me, getting me really hot.

"Why cage this lion?" she whispered as she undid the button of my jeans and eased down my fly. My prick bounced free and straight into her eager hand. Then she began doing what I'd been doing not so long before, fist fucking my prick, up and down, up and down. I moaned, making her giggle.

Then she stopped. I opened my eyes to see her standing over me and having some trouble getting out of her panties. The least I could do was assist the poor woman. That I did, pulling down the lace of her briefs to expose a fine reddish muff.

I was ready to explode and she knew it. She didn't waste any time, straddling me and sliding her moist pussy over my cock. A shudder shook my whole body as she engulfed the final inch.

She was getting really worked up and I knew I wasn't going to last long. I filled her completely as she swayed and clenched rhythmically above me. The pace quickened and soon the pair of us were humping like mad dogs. Everything seemed to flow together into a sensation of pleasure so intense it almost hurt. After about five minutes I blew so hard it was like the first time I ever came. Seconds later she let go with a groan and a flood of her juices soaked my pubic hair. What a fuck!

Exhausted, I fell back flat on my back and drifted into half sleep. I vaguely remember hearing the door slamming, and a car starting up. I basked in the memories of what had been the most extraordinary and most exciting sexual encounter of my life.

Later that night my mother was talking away and she asked me what I thought of Lisa.

"Lisa? Lisa who?" I asked.

A WHITE SPORTS BOAT AND A PINK CRUSTACEAN

Whether it's scuba diving, fishing, waterskiing or just plain fun, Avon has it all. Speed, manoeuverability, stability, safety and fuel economy. Avon is the undisputed leader in the field, and now Avon have done it again with the latest in a long line of innovations, the white inflatable. Avon's range of rigid full inflatables featuring the new white Hypalon fabric and colour co-ordinated interiors will change the way you think about inflatables. So if you are going out, why not dress up. And remember, Avon with over 30 years experience in inflatables, offer a proven 10 year written warranty on fabric.

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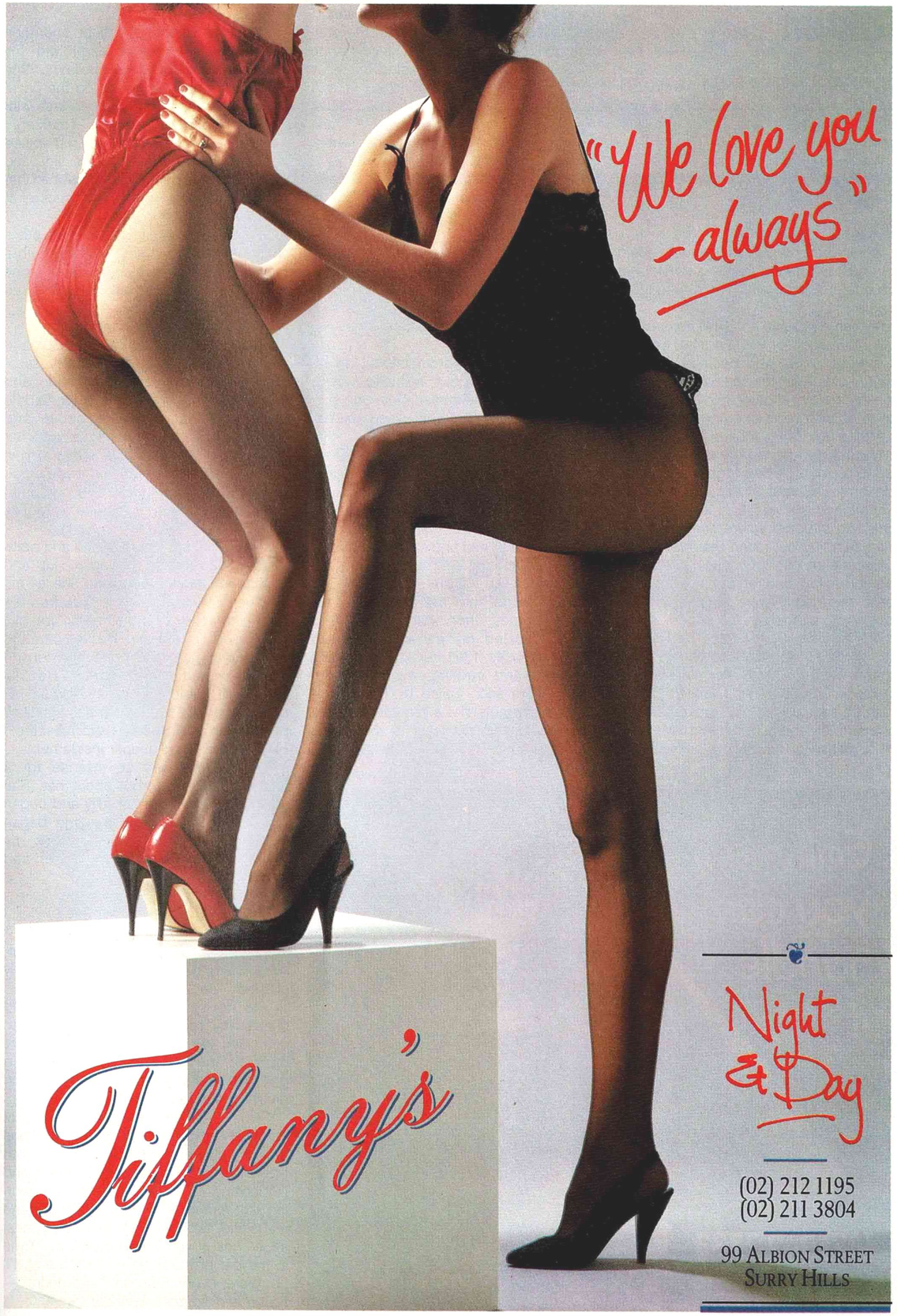

FORUM

"One of the girls from the office. She was dropping off my Avon products," said Mum. "She said you were a very well-spoken young man. I think she likes you."

Well, what more can I say? I'm a very well-spoken young man. — *Name and address withheld*

Spunk rock

Were you a dream? Redhead, five feet seven, aqua-green eyes, with slender champagne-sipping tits and a mohawked vagina.

My name is Steve and I sell computers. I was in Sydney for the first time, working at a trade show, and decided to really see the city. After the show closed, a few salesmen from another company asked me to go with them to a nightclub.

After a few beers and an equal number of business promises, I shifted my attention to a girl at the bar. I got her number and promised to call her. She seemed excited and so was I. In triumph I returned to the spot where our group had been standing but found they had left.

I began to panic because I only had two dollars left, and ran out of the club to see if my friends were outside. I didn't have enough money for a cab, and I wasn't about to try the bus.

I figured I'd walk a bit to get my bearings. It wasn't a great idea. After about 20 blocks I knew I was fucked. There wasn't a soul around. As I looked around for a familiar landmark, I heard a car and felt a splash of an oily wetness on my face. "You cunt," I yelled at the driver.

The car screeched to a halt, the driver's door opened, and she stepped into view. Her pale skin contrasted intensely with her studded leather jacket and a thick mane of red hair cascaded down her shoulders. "Did you get wet?" she asked. The chains around her waist made a noise that unnerved me — I couldn't reply. "Are you wet?" she repeated. I could see her nipples stiffen in the cold night air — they stood out like uncapped ends of felt pens.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"I'm lost," I said. She looked glad that I could talk. I explained my situation, and she laughed. "I'll give you a ride to your hotel," she said. "After all, I did get you wet."

As we started toward my hotel, I found out that this luscious redhead was a punk-band groupie named Tina. She suggested we go back to her place and call my hotel. I couldn't protest.

After she let us into her flat, she excused herself to go to the bathroom, and I noticed a stack of magazines — to my delight all were copies of *Penthouse*.

"Do you read it?" she asked from behind me. I turned and saw her standing there with nothing on but her hair, which was so red, like the fire in my groin. She looked straight into my eyes and said, "Turn around," then walked up behind me, unbuckled my pants, and pulled down my jocks. I felt her fingers tickling my balls and stroking my shaft. Her hands were soon joined by her tongue stroking my nuts like a feather fan. I exploded immediately! I fell to my knees, turning around to meet her glance with a hot kiss.

I pushed Tina to the floor and then started down her whole length with my tongue, lingering at her breasts. She squirmed in ecstasy. I kept up the pace. Down I drove until I was face to face with her red mohawked pussy. Thinking I might lose an eyeball in her red-spiked pubes, I tilted my head to the side and licked her moist slit. Then I grabbed her clit between my teeth, and sucked it hard. She moaned loudly.

She got up to get a towel and put a small pan on the stove, returning with a smile on her face and a saucepan in one hand. I was hesitant, but she reassured me with her sultry voice.

"You'll be all right," she said.

I lowered myself back to the floor, and she began caressing my country sausage. Then she grabbed my hand and began sucking my fingers. I wanted to scream. She took the saucepan and began pouring warm honey around her steaming geyser. I became stone-hard in my desire to penetrate her honey pot. Sensing my primal urges, she grabbed me and whispered in her husky voice, "No."

I was confused. She laughed and grabbed my pan handle, pulling me up and walking me into the bedroom. She lay me down on her vinyl sheets and poured the remaining honey over the head of my pulsating knob. I realised my temperature was reaching a critical point. She sensed it and lowered herself down on to my large, stiff shaft. The honey slowed my entry but added to the moment with slow penetration that created more pressure. I only wanted to go deeper inside her.

The feeling was so intense for a moment I almost forgot about her. She moaned as I entered her fully and began to buck, then leaned down and began rubbing her rigid nipples across my chest. Her moaning grew louder and longer.

"I'm coming," she screamed.

I couldn't contain myself any longer. I arched my back and let go.

I lay back unable to move. Tina got up, went to the bathroom and returned fully clothed. "Get dressed," she said.

The honey stuck to my shorts and chafed my rod, but I was too tired to complain. We left her place, and drove back to my hotel in silence, saying goodbye with a passionate kiss. I went to my room and crashed.

Since that night I've been thinking of my honey-covered, punk-rock baby. Soon after the convention I took a new job with a Sydney-based computer company, and I'm looking for Tina. That's why I'm writing to *Penthouse*. I know she reads the magazine, so I want to give her a message. Tina, if you were for real, meet me in the bar of the hotel you left me at. I'll be there every Saturday afternoon. — *Name and address withheld*

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only $11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

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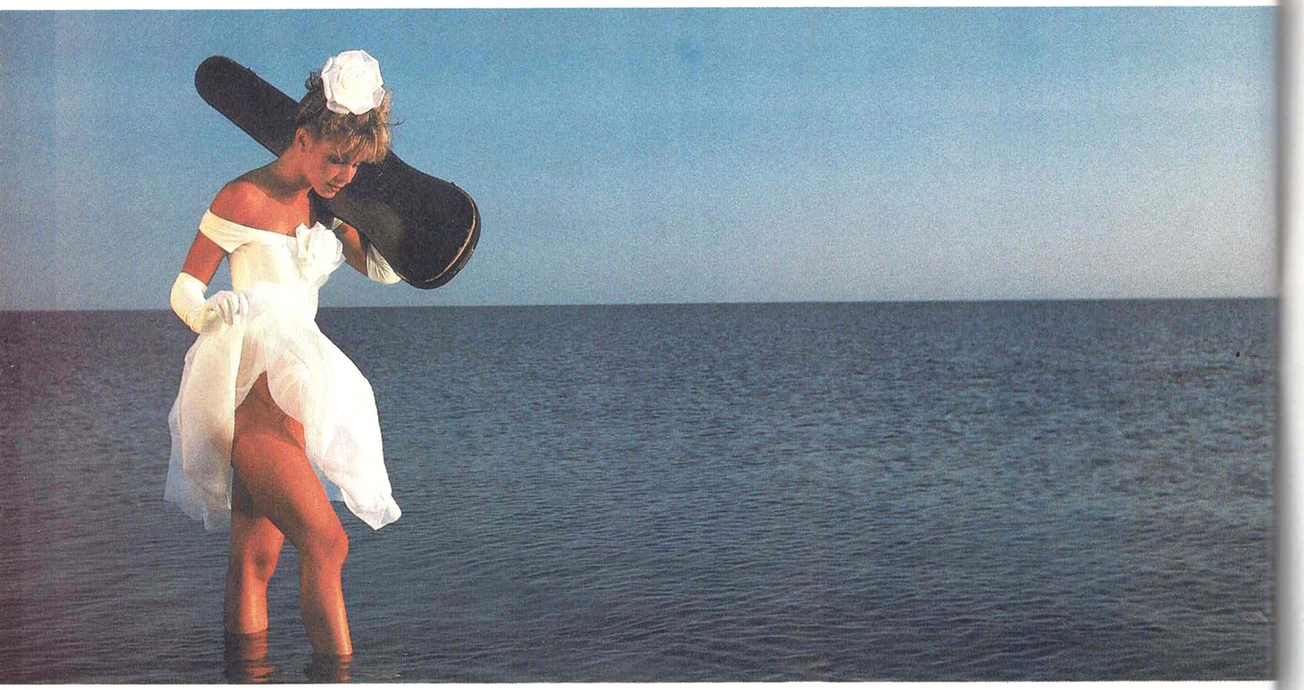
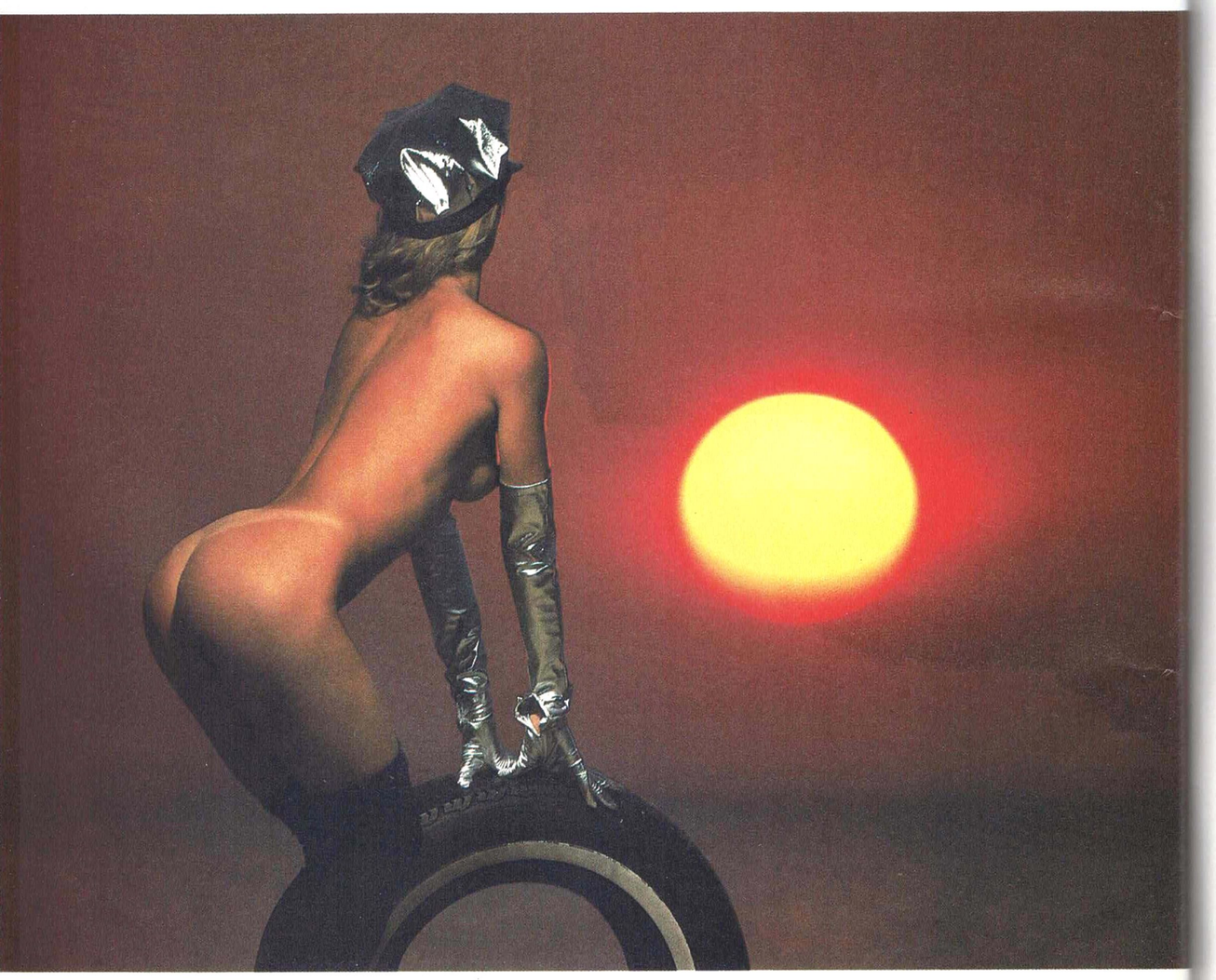
the story of her life

Pretty 25-year-old Nikki Johnson is a popular nightclub entertainer. "I love my work because it leaves my days free for hiking, swimming, and writing in my diary. That's where I really let loose with my feelings!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK PATTERSON





"I'm a very strong-willed individual," says Nikki. "If something strikes my interest, I know it's worth going after. Once I've accepted the challenge, success is inevitable."

the mating game

Continued from page 52

sell, sell, sell. Beats the hell out of spending five years and $200 million developing your own car. In return Toyota was given the opportunity to get its mitts on a big Aussie family-sized V6, the Lexcen. The Toyodore. Or Commota.

As cosy as these deals seem, they fall short of complete capitulation. Each of the source companies hastened to resist a full-on gang bang. For instance, Toyota didn't give Holden access to all the Corolla range, holding the powerful fuel-injected 100-kiloWatt SX model for its own dealers. Likewise, Holden dipped out on the upmarket imported V6-engined Camry, which has been a tidy little earner for the network. Not so much as retribution, but certainly to give the inter-brand swap shopping a degree of balance, Holden retained exclusivity of the V8 Commodore engine option and, as of now, Toyota doesn't get any manual transmission versions of last year's Car Of The Year.

Ford, currently number one in Australia and a profitable organisation, has been shaking down Mazda for 323s and 626s and many of its commercials. Its Capri roadster obviously looks nothing like a 323/Laser but, as everyone knows, it does share many components, including the floorspan, with these models.

Nissan has a utility which it calls The Ute. It's a Falcon, made by Ford. And because there is still some resistance to Japanese utility trucks, the Falcon sells well while the Nissan doesn't. The Nissan also has the attractions of an extended warranty, twice that of the Falcon. Ford's part of the deal is that it gets the Corsair, which is of course the Nissan Pintara by another name. The Maverick (*nee* Patrol) is also part of the model-sharing arrangement.

In some cases partners may each make strong contributions to the creation of a motor car. Rover and Honda have been sharing the workload on some models for much of the Eighties. The Brits relished the chance to have access to the modern Japanese engines; the Japanese tapped into the traditional British strengths, ride and handling and elegant interior design. One result of the collaboration was the Rover 827i. There's a lot of Legend beneath the sheet metal.

Rover's 416i Vitesse model is not so much a joint effort but a Honda with Rover badges; a Ronda. The same applies to the Holden Barina. It's a Suzuki. The Holden Jackaroo is an Isuzu . . .

Some of the inter-corporate relationships are obvious, some less so. Nissan, for example, still has an arrangement with Holden to buy 1.8-litre engines for use in the small Pulsar. Holden, with the demise of the Camira, no longer builds this engine for its own use. Ford presses Pintara panels for Nissan; Holden presses Corolla panels for Toyota; Monroe supplies shock absorbers for 99 percent of Australian-made cars; Hendersons does most of the springs; Borg-Warner the transmissions for rear-drive cars . . . It is car-making, the co-operative, more profitable, way. It is a worldwide phenomenon.

In France, Peugeot and Citroen have managed to retain their individuality while sharing engines and transmissions. The Peugeot 405 Mi16 and Citroen BX 16 Valve sold in Australia have identical engines.

The elite, BMW and Mercedes-Benz, eschew joint car-making efforts but about every mass-producer in the world has one or more partnerships with other companies. Even Porsche has to strike deals with the likes of Audi (which built its rightly-maligned 924 model). The Deutschmark-strapped prestige sporting car-maker is even accepting lucrative design and engineering consultancy work for Lada among others.

Heading towards 2000, car-makers will have to tread a path through an economic minefield as workers step up their push for higher wages, and the cost of new technology soars. There's also the expense of environmental challenges.

There will be — inevitably — more mergers, more model sharing, fewer car-makers and more manufacturers going down the gurgler. ○—▣

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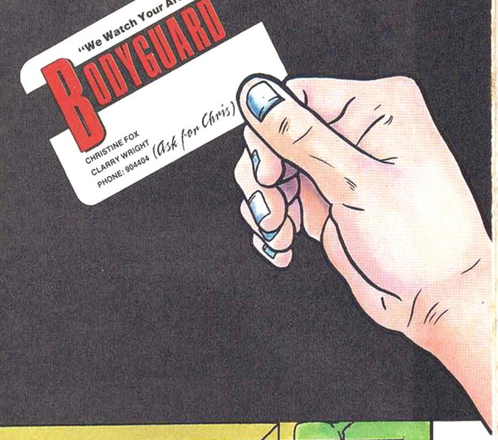
Only research can fill in the gaps.

MS
Multiple Sclerosis.

BODYGUARD

PART 5 : Writer's Block



THAT FUCKING NORRIS!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDING THAT PRICK NOT RUNNING HIS BLOODY ERRANDS!
WHERE THE HELL AM I GOING TO FIND LAMINGTONS AT 3A.M.?
WHAT A BASTARD!
WRITTEN, INKED AND COLOURED BY DAVID de VRIES PENCILLED AND LETTERED BY GLENN LUMSDEN
YOU SAID IT FOXY: HE MAY BE A GAS WRITER BUT HE SURE IS AN A GRADE ARSEHOLE!
NO WONDER THOSE LESBIANS WANNA WASTE HIM!
IT'S SEXISM, NOT ARROGANCE, THAT HAS NORRIS' HEAD ON THE BLOCK CLARRY!...
"...THAT FILTH YOU'RE READING IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY WOMAN REACH FOR A KNIFE..."
BUGGERED IF I CAN SEE WHY, IT READS GREAT TO ME...
WHACK IT IN, WHIP IT OUT & WIPE
Whack it in, Whip it Out & Wipe it.
"IT WOULD!"

LAMINGTONS! THAT FUCKING TURD...!

I KNOW WE NEED THE WORK, BUT GUARDING A SLEAZE LIKE NORRIS...

"...CLARRY SURE KNOWS HOW TO PICK A CLIENT..."

PING

"...ANGRY RED FIREMAN INTO HER." HA HA HA!

HEH HEH! THIS IS GREAT!

THOSE 'WOMEN AGAINST SEXISM IN LITERATURE' LEZZOS HAVE NO SENSE OF HUMOUR...

"... FANCY SENDING AN ASSASSIN AFTER THIS BLOKE."

OH GREAT! RAIN! JUST MY LUCK. BUGGER THAT NORRIS AND HIS LAMING—

"...TON?"

"WHAT THE—?!"

"AT NORRIS' WINDOW..."

"...THE ASSASSIN!"

HERE WE ARE, FOURTH FLOOR.

NOW WHICH ONE IS IT?

403, THIS IS THE ONE.

HUH?

CLARRY.

CLARRY!

TAKE THE BLOODY THING OUT OF YOUR POCKET, FUCK YOU!

"...CLARRY!"

WHAT THE HELL'S THAT LOT?

ROOM SERVICE FOR MR. NORRIS. COME ON TIGER, GET THE DOOR WILL YOU, THIS IS GETTING HEAVY.

SORRY HONEY, BUT NO ONE GETS THROUGH THAT DOOR BUT ME.

COME ON STUD, I'M A BIG FAN OF MR. NORRIS...

I'LL ONLY BE 20 MINUTES.

BE A SPORT, AND WHEN I COME OUT I'LL LET YOU LICK THE BOWL.

TEMPTIN' AS IT SOUNDS, NO DICE! GIVE IT TO ME, I'LL SEE HE GETS IT.

IT WOULDN'T BE THE SAME...

...BESIDES, WHAT ABOUT MY TIP?"

I'LL FIX YOU UP, I THINK I'VE GOT SOME CHANGE IN ME LEFT POCK - POCK - P-O-C-K-E-T -

OH STRUTH, OH GEEZE!

YEAH, THAT'S IT, RIGHT THERE!

ARE YOU SURE THE TIP'S IN HERE..?

ER, UH—

MAYBE...

"...MAYBE IT'S MORE TO THE RIGHT..."

WAIT, HOLD THAT—

FUCK!

"ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT CHANGE IN THIS POCKET?"

"HUH? CHANGE? GOOD IDEA, TRY THE OTHER SIDE."

ANY LUCK THERE?

SCRUNCH

EYOW! HEY, WATCH IT WITH THE NAILS LADY!

RIGHT, NOW AM I GOING TO GET THROUGH THAT DOOR, OR ARE YOU KEEN ON SINGING SOPRANO?

NO!?..I... ER... WHAT WERE THOSE CHOICES AGAIN?

CLARRY!

DON'T LET GO OF HER!

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN'.

"NICE KICKIN' THERE, FOXY. GEEZE, YOU COULD TEACH WARWICK CAPPER A THING OR TWO!"

"NICE GOING YOURSELF, CLARRY..."

NICE TO SEE YOU ON THE BALL. THAT WAS A GOOD PIECE OF WORK SPOTTING THE ASSASSIN OUT ON THE LEDGE AND MANOEUVERING HER IN HERE WITHOUT INVOLVING THAT TURD NORRIS.

WELL DONE!

ASSASSIN? YA MEAN SHE WASN'T AN OVERSEXED GROUPIE?

"... STRUTH, SO SHE IS! WELL I'LL BE BUGGERED!

..WAIT UP!"

LEDGE?!? WHAT LEDGE? SHE CAME UP THE LIFT!

LIFT? THEN THIS ISN'T...

OH NO!!

BOO!

WHAT THE-!

HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT AN ARTIST BESTOWING AN AUTOGRAPH ON A FAN! HAVE YOU NO RESPECT FOR PUBLIC RELATIONS?!?

BUT I... ER...

I SAW HER SNEAKING ABOUT OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW AND...

LOOK HERE, FOX, THIS POOR GIRL'S GONE TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE TO SEE ME... THE LEAST I COULD DO WAS THANK HER!

...HEY! WHERE ARE MY LAMINGTONS?

...ER WELL, IN THE EXCITEMENT I... ER...

"YOU MEAN YOU FORGOT THEM? WHY YOU INCOMPETENT..

...OH JUST GET OUT!"

SLAM!

GEEZE FOXY! WHAT WITH THOSE GIRLS AND HIM AND HIS BLOODY LAMINGTONS...

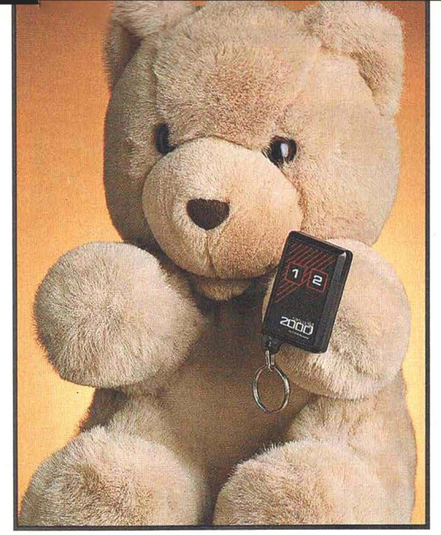
...IT'S ENOUGH TA MAKE YOU CHUCK IN THE SPONGE!

FIN.

LOOSE ENDS

SECURITY BEAR

This cute, cuddly bear isn't as innocent as he looks. He's actually one of the most sophisticated and effective car alarms ever developed and he's capable of damn near shattering the eardrums of anyone who breaks into your car. Inside Fuzzy Wuzzy is an Infrasonic system which uses an electret microphone, low frequency filtering and detection circuitry to signal intrusion to a microprocessor. The moment a window is broken or a door or the boot is opened by a thief, the system is operated, letting off a 110-decibel alarm that makes it unbearable, so to speak, for the thief to stay in the car. Self-powered with four D-cell batteries, Security Bear costs nothing to install. You activate him using a tiny remote control which fits on your keyring. Sells for $249. For stockists phone Peteco on (018) 624910.



FOOT SURE

More than a decade of research by an international team of leading bio-mechanical orthopaedic and sports medicine specialists went into the evolution of the new Torsion sports shoes by Adidas. Torsion takes its name from the natural rotation of the foot along its longitudinal axis. Only when this specific torsion facility is incorporated into the design of a shoe does the foot function to its full potential. Adidas's new sports shoes incorporate a Torsion Groove incision in the sole and a Torsion Bar connecting forefoot and heel to produce footwear that bends in precisely the same place the foot bends, beneath the toe base joints. The new technology combines with the most advanced techniques for cushioning, support and guidance in a range of shoes for the runner, tennis player, cross trainer and basketballer. At Adidas outlets and sport shoe stores.

MEAN MACHINE

The new GSX-R750R is a mean machine built for speed. A winner among racing bikes, this model from Suzuki is made for those who can handle horse power. It's the newest addition to the GSX-R750 range, the line that has dominated production races, superbike races and endurance races internationally — in addition to winning the World Endurance Championship for the last two years. This pedigree road racer incorporates even more advanced features designed to propel the power-rider into the winner's circle. It retails for $19,950 and is available from authorised Suzuki dealers Australiawide.

SWINDLER-PROOF CD

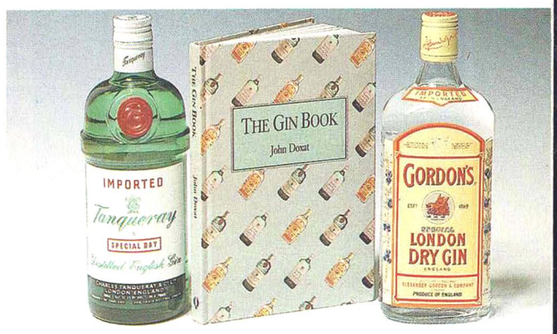
Now you don't have to worry about leaving your state-of-the-art CD sound system when you go shopping — simply take the control panel with you. The new Pioneer KEX-M800 multi-play CD controller has a unique detachable front panel which you can take with you when you leave the car. So cruising CD swindlers will see an empty space where your CD player should be and think another bandit has beaten them to it.

The front panel is flicked down for normal operation of the cassette deck, and with an easy press of the button comes away from the controller leaving a blank panel behind. The detachable front panel is compact and lightweight to carry around or conceal until the driver replaces the control panel and once again the system is ready for use.

The KEX-M800 also embodies an excellent auto-reverse cassette deck and AM/FM Supertuner. The deck's new tape head is manufactured from a composite alloy and features a "double gutter" design which significantly improves the frequency response. The supertuner boasts Best Station Memory (BSM) which quickly identifies and programs the six strongest stations in the area — ideal for cross-state and interstate driving. Other new features include an automatic sound leveliser (ASL) and a source level adjuster. The KEX-M800 retails for approximately $999 and is available from your local Pioneer Electronics dealer.

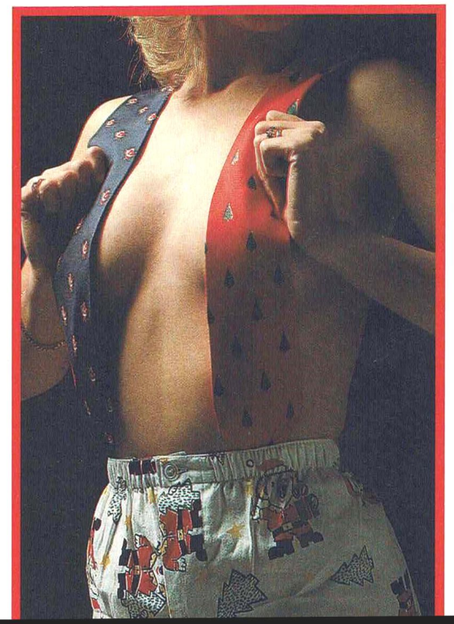
SPECIAL OFFER

"Gin and water is the source of all my inspiration," said Lord Byron. If you let it be the source of your inspiration, you'll be in line to win one of ten 134-page copies of *The Gin Book* by John Doxat, a man who has made a lifetime study of what has been called the purest spirit. Use your imagination and write in to tell us what you believe to be the origins of the word "cocktail." Was the cocktail really named after the Mexican princess Xcoctl, or, less romantically, after the ale which toasted the victory in a bloody cockfight? Or neither? Make up your own origins of the word. The ten most inventive entries will receive the handsome book, offered to *Penthouse* readers by two of the world's finest gins — Gordon's London Dry and Tanqueray Imported Special Dry Distilled English Gin. Send your entry to Gin Competition, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Get it to us by Friday, January 19, 1990.



SARTORIAL SYMPHONY

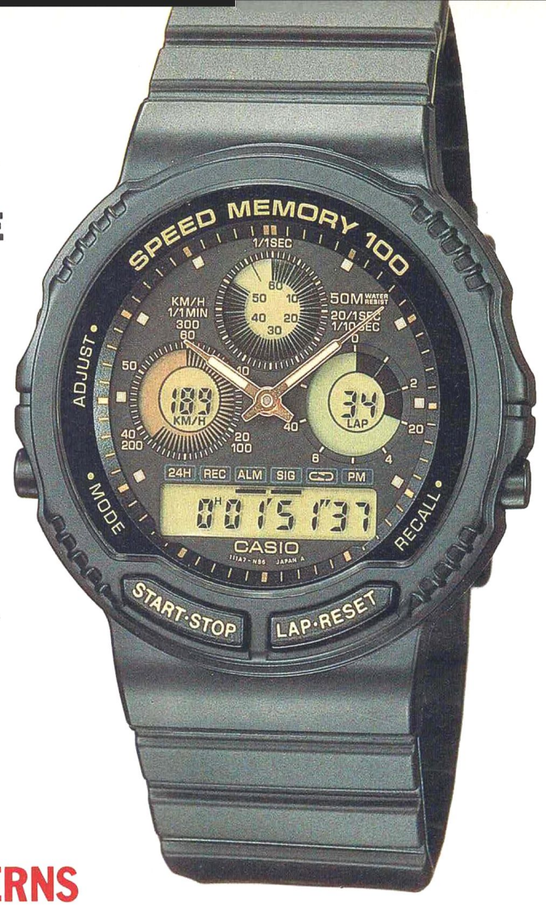
For novel Christmas presents singing ties and boxer shorts make a great duo. The elephant style ties are covered in Christmas trees, Santas and other seasonal insignia, as are the boxer shorts. They both come with a small sewn-in musical gizmo which you press to play either "Jingle Bells" or "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town." The ties are made of pure silk and retail for $34.95 and the boxer shorts for $26.95. Both items are available from David Jones stores nationwide.

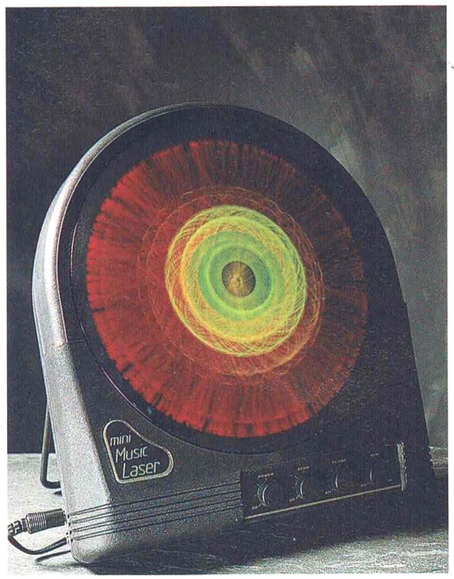


LOOSE ENDS

PERFORMANCE

For Grand Prix buffs, the Casio Speed Memory 100 will keep track of up to 100 lap times and average lap speeds with split-second accuracy. With auto-calendar (programmed up to the year 2029), memory stop watch, hourly time signals, three daily alarms, countdown alarm, 12/24-hour formats and more, this strongly styled man's wristwatch is winner's circle material. They're available at Casio stockists nationwide.

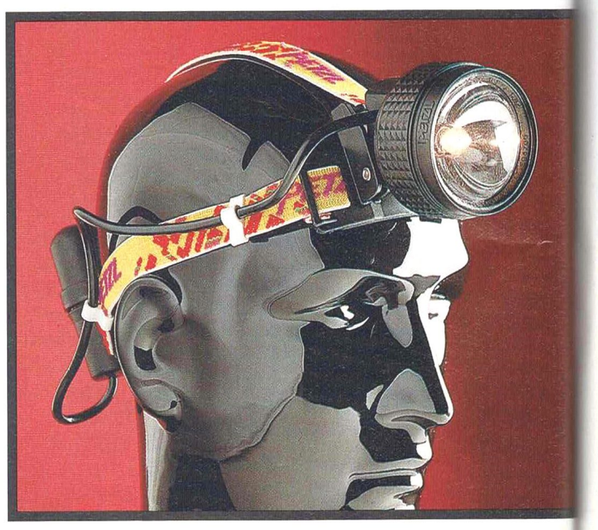




PATTERNS OF LIGHT

The Mini Music Laser is ideal for giving parties that psychedelic atmosphere. You can connect it to your stereo, musical instrument or any other musical device to create colorful, sound-activated light patterns in infinite varieties. See if your music looks as good as it sounds. The Mini Music Laser retails for $49.95 and is available from Holographic Imagery on (03) 523 6733.

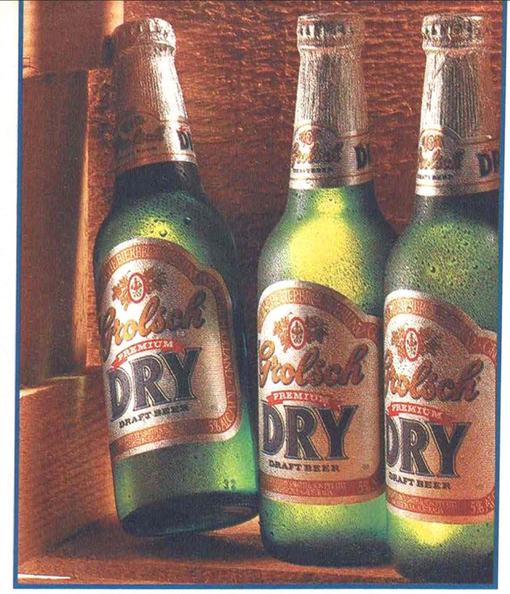
HUMAN HEADLIGHTS



Now you can turn on your high beam when you're out jogging or cycling in the dark with the Petzl Zoom and Micro headlamps. These are a great safety device for late night fitness fiends to prevent them being skittled by passing motorists. They are also useful for handymen crawling around in dark, awkward places on all fours. The Petzl Zoom Headlamp comes complete with an adapter for use with 3AA (penlight) batteries or may be used with a standard 4.5V battery. The beam lasts for around 18 hours, a longer run-time than most commercially available torches. It comes complete with a spare bulb, conveniently stored behind the headpiece. The Micro model only takes penlight batteries and has the run time of a normal torch — from three and a half to four hours. This model is small, very lightweight and popular with campers and sportspeople. Both models come with adjustable elastic straps for a comfortable fit and a three year guarantee. The Zoom model retails between $50 and $60 and the Micro model between $30 and $40. Phone the distributing company Spelean on (02) 264 2586 for a list of stockists.

HIGH AND DRY

Grolsch Premium Dry beer, the first imported dry beer to be launched in Australia, is a quality treat aimed at the connoisseur and those prepared to experiment with their quaff. Grolsch, of Holland, is best known for its Premium Lager in the distinctive green 500ml bottle with resealable wire stopper. Grolsch Premium Dry, in conventional crown-sealed 330ml bottles, is the first new product in Grolsch's 374 year history, and one with a crispness and lack of aftertaste that set it aside from local mass-produced dry beers. It's not light beer — it has an alcohol content of 5 percent, the same as Grolsch Premium. Six-packs of Grolsch Premium Dry retail at around $13 at all good liquor outlets.

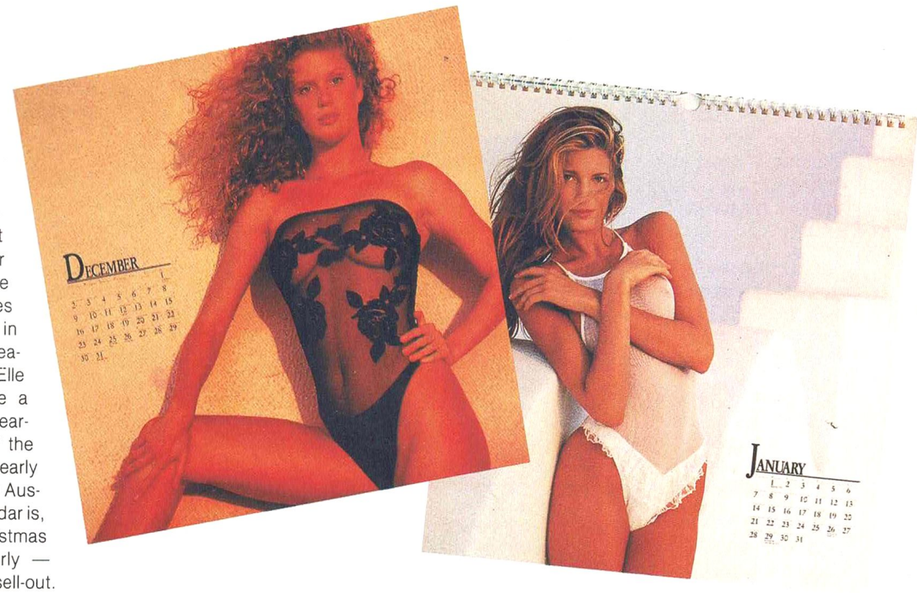


Great Guns

Zen Imports has a range of guns that bring back the Wild West. They're full-size, realistic replicas and are great for enhancing the masculine element in offices, bars and games rooms. They are handcrafted in wood and metal and all have positive working actions. The range includes replicas of powder flasks and blunderbusses, covering a period from the 16th Century to the late 18th Century. Among the models are the famous "Brown Bess" and Kentucky rifles and examples from the famous Hawkins firm of English gunsmiths. Even if they can't fire they're still a great way to scare hell out of burglars. And the price won't burn a bullethole in your wallet. They range from $40 to $80. For more information call Zen Imports on (02) 818 1955.

WHAT A YEAR!

New from The Ink Group this Christmas comes the famous Sports Illustrated Calendar, set to become as wildly popular here as it is in the States, where its sales figures rival the figures of the models it features in terms of sheer dynamite. Featuring cover girls such as Elle McPherson, who became a household word after appearing twice on the cover of the famous *Sports Illustrated* yearly swimsuit edition, the 1990 Australian edition of the calendar is, at $19.95, a perfect Christmas gift. But get yours early — they're expecting a sell-out.



Pet Of The Month Janet Stewart

A QUICK PEEK AT FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hustling — Most Australians like a bet and most of them lose. But there are a few who know how to turn the odds in their favor. Next month's issue reveals some of the hustler's psychological and statistical tricks. Find out how to get the professional gambler's edge in February *Australian Penthouse.*

Sexual Healing — Times are changing, along with our attitudes to sex. Today, girls are being encouraged to be more confident sexually, while men are told to express their emotions. In February *Australian Penthouse* clinical psychologist Dr Sandra Pertot answers the question: will the sexes understand each other better in the Nineties?

Fast Men — "You can't be complacent because, man, the final word is, complacency will kill you," says professional drag racer John Hoskins. Hoskins has pushed his fuel-injected 960cc bike to speeds in excess of 190 mph, making him one of Australia's fastest men. Next month *Australian Penthouse* profiles the country's lightning performers in the air, on land and on water.

Pet Of The Month — Twenty-two-year old Janet Stewart plays the role of a staid legal secretary from nine to five. But after hours she's something else. Check out Janet's wild side in February *Australian Penthouse.*

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Continued from page 62

with tragic results. In 1968, a part-time mystic tried to call up the spirit of dead insurance salesman Ernie Blink. Unfortunately, instead of the poor Mr Blink the spirit of Genghis Khan entered the room and refused to leave without a virgin sacrifice and a hot cup of cocoa.

Other famous people such as Beethoven and Shakespeare have been successfully summoned, but generally with disappointing results. Instead of writing new sonatas or plays, they just sat in the corner bickering and complaining about the weather.

PROPHESY AND PRECOGNITION

Albertino of Padua, a 14th Century Italian monk and brewer of ale, is remembered in the 20th Century not for his strong faith or even stronger brew, but for his amazing prophecies.

Experts agree that Albertino's mystical writings are actually predictions of the future. Incredibly, some of them may have already come true. Judge for yourself:

"There shall be things called weels, or wheals, to make easy the transportation of man and beast."

Of course, the brewing brother meant "wheels" — the most important device ever invented. Cynics argue that the wheel had already been around for thousands of years, but believers dismiss this as nit-picking.

"There will be much war and death and no-one will get much sleep."

Some scholars think this refers to either the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, or certain nasty bits of World War I. Others believe Albertino was writing about the 1989 Australian Cricket Tour — 600 years before it happened!

"In the English kingdom, there will be torture called 'Torvill And Dean On Ice' and people will recoil in horror from its evil torments."

Enough said.

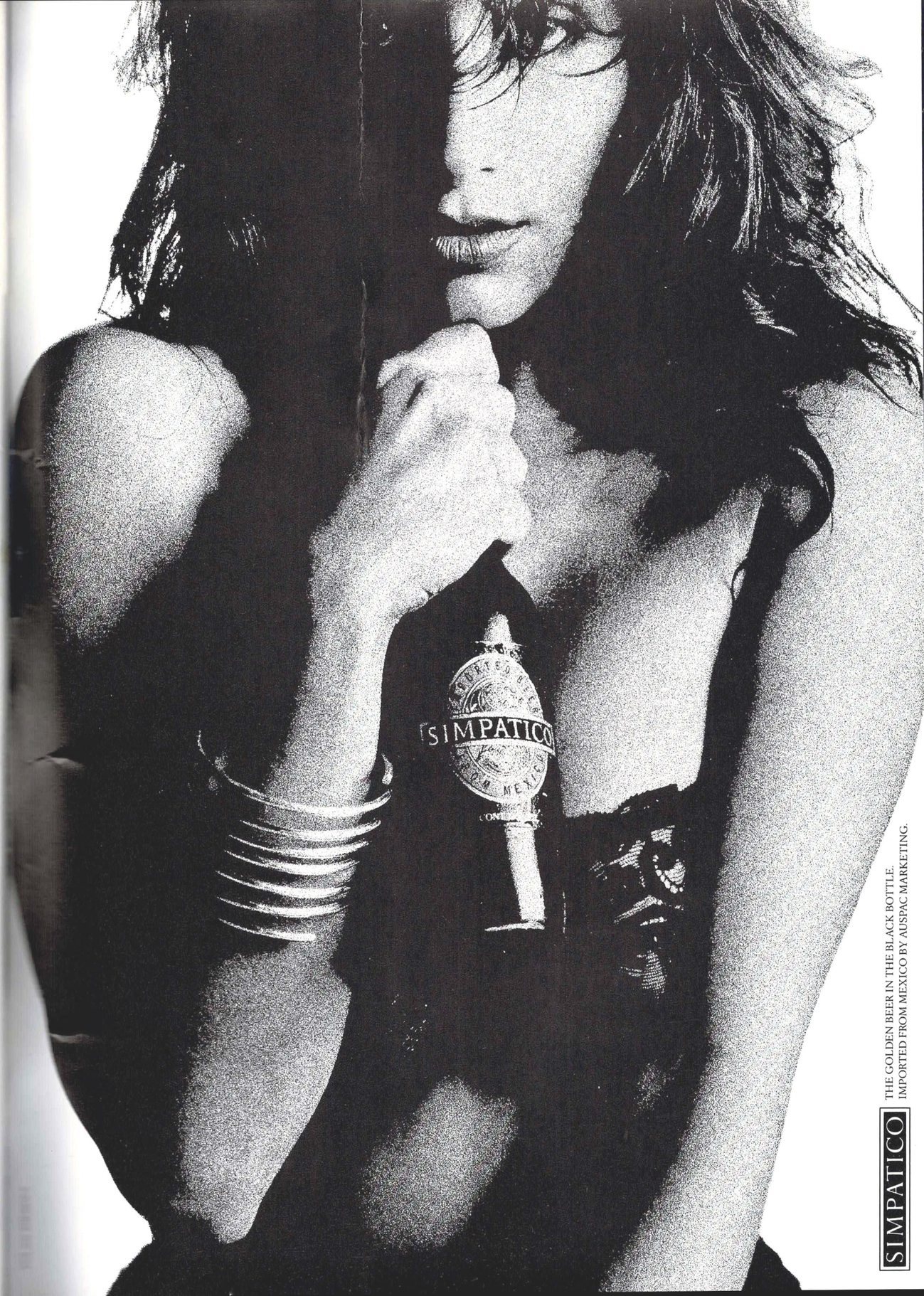
Was Albertino divinely blessed with visions of the future, or was he just a mad monk who fried his brains on beer and bullshit? Either way, his writings may still hold great portent for humanity. We can only guess his meaning when he writes:

"He that eats the flesh of the pig shall perish of spots, and don't eat fish on Tuesday."

Or this strange and powerful prophecy:

"In the new world, a man in new shoes will fall over."

So, what can we conclude from all these mysteries? Are they fact or fantasy? Is it all real or just some crap concocted by bullshit artists like me to make a quick buck? The arguments may rage on, but few people can ignore the startling evidence. I hope you're one of them.

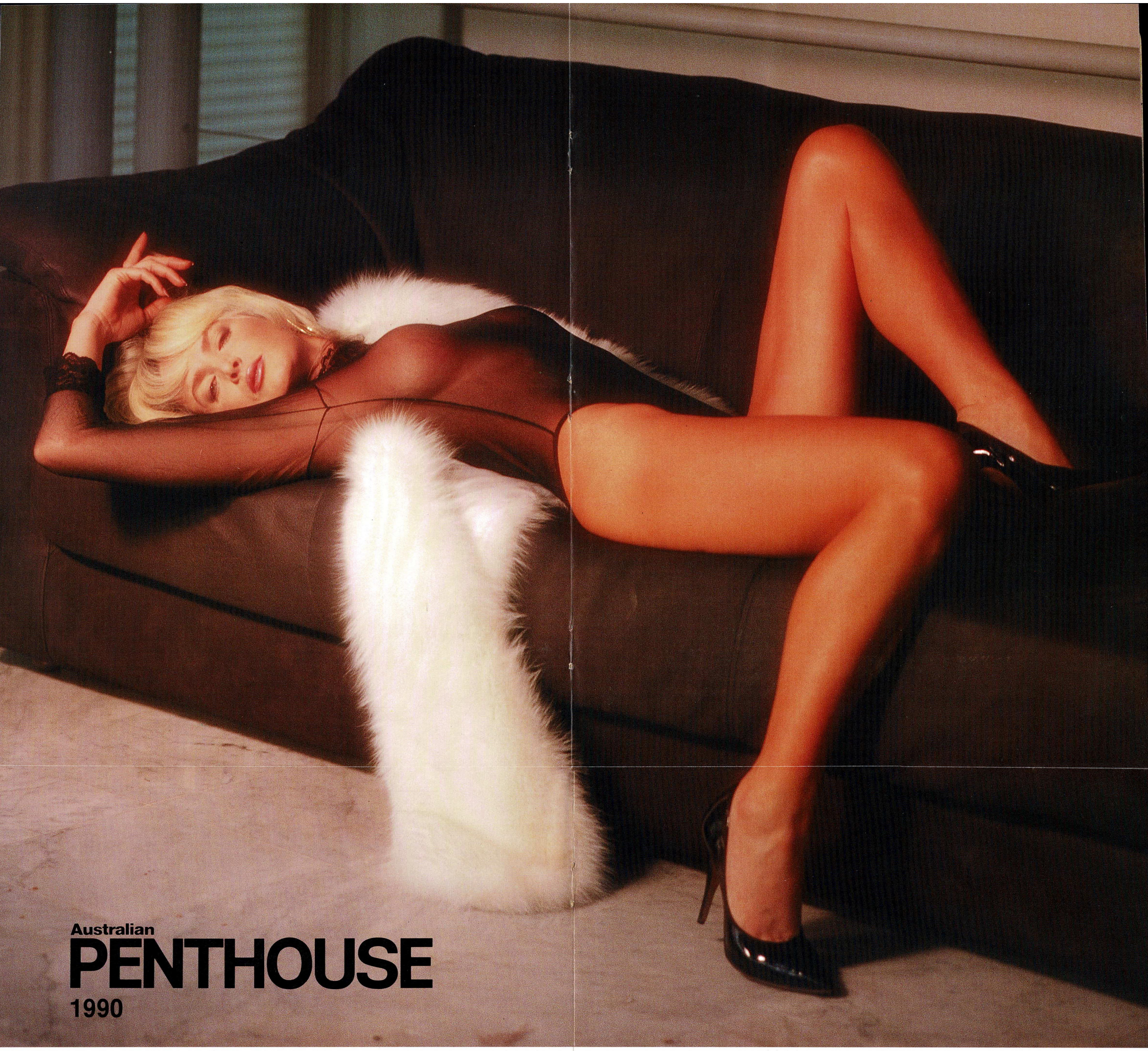


SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

APB 10441 C/BH 72/D/Palace



Stole by Bernard Hammerman Furs; Black body stocking by Rodd Alexander.

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